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GEORGE ELFORD
Critics' Choices, Black Theology, Catholic Schools, Modern Literature
Religious Books

MICHAEL MURRAY
The Stage
We Bombed in Catonsville

TERRY ANN KNOPF
JOHN DEEDY
A Civil War Goes Unnoticed
Who Cares About Cairo?

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NEWS & VIEWS

The Change in Chile

What went wrong in Chile, a Christian Democrat preserve through much of the '60s, a Marxist state today?

Chilean Christian Democracy ran out of steam. That's generally agreed. How? Why?

Some answers are provided by an item in LADOC, the documentation service of the Latin American Bureau of the U.S. Catholic Conference.

The item, a reprint of an article from *Pastoral Popular*, Chilean bimonthly journal, traces Christian Democrat devolution to preoccupation with technical and economic instruments.

"It is true, of course, that they [Christian Democrats] were still eager to develop the human person," says the article by Manuel Ossa. "But the human person, and social justice, and all those abstract virtues, seemed to get somehow relegated to a distant horizon: the principal concern was how to build society in economic terms."

The devolution accelerated, Ossa maintains, about two and a half years ago when young Christian Democrats became disillusioned with this and other CD objectives.

"Christian Democracy . . . seemed, in the eyes of those younger men, to be a party and an ideology promoting some kind of development, but not a revolution. The revolution they very much had in mind was going to change the relationships among social classes and the distribution of power. Christian Democracy's slogan, 'The Revolution in Liberty,' sounded phony to them; they couldn't see any such revolution coming."

Disenchantment with the party turned to disenchantment with the church, the church being seen as "set on the conversion of hearts more than of structures." The church's social doctrine, at the same time, was found to be insufficient and ineffective both in economic and political terms. "For what this doctrine does is correct abuses in a given system," according to Chilean analysis. "It always thinks in terms of the system, and acts as if the system is to last indefinitely. The church's teaching papers over defects in this concrete system, but without raising the ultimate question about the system itself."

The large consequence of all this was the turning away of many Chileans from Christian Democracy, from the church, to seek elsewhere, specifically in various Marxist theories, those instruments for diagnosing and changing society. The election of Allende followed.

That is not the whole picture to the eclipse, if not demise, of Christian Democracy in Chile. Ossa itemizes the toll which politics takes on faith; he likewise speaks of a popular suspicion which exists toward the church—that it seeks to use its influence to shape political questions.

The complication here is not only the church's involvement, but the feeling that even seemingly revolutionary Christian ideologies at their roots are conservative; they don't inspire.

Not even the political nonviolence of Helder Camara in Brazil to the north has impact in Chile. Many Chileans, says Ossa, feel that Helder Camara is unwittingly maintaining the old order "by his spectacular but ineffective crusade—to the delight of those who hold the real levers of power."

Can the situation be salvaged? Ossa says perhaps, provided the church meets certain challenges. Ossa specifies three: the imparting of a mystical perspective to Christians involved in politics; demonstration of the importance of the Christian message in any political process; and a willingness to take more definite stands and to make judgments "perhaps not expecting to come up with permanent policies, valid for ages to come, but settling for policies sufficient for today."

Feeding the Hungry

Well, the White House kept its promise. It did convene a seminar to review the "accomplishments" of the 1969 Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health.

But it was a typical White House production so far as the poor and hungry were concerned. The meeting was held in colonially detached Williamsburg, in the news drain of the moon shot and the Laos buildup, and with no representatives of the poor present.

It was a beautifully antiseptic setting all around.

The conclusions from the review were hardly more encouraging. The consensus was that the Administration had given very little support to the main '69 recommendations; that except for a cut-rate Family Assistance Plan, the Administration had rejected all specific suggestions; that it hadn't even provided a mechanism—office and staff—to coordinate volunteers working against hunger.

Jean Mayer, the Harvard nutritionist who was chairman of the '69 conference, sought to convey what the *Washington Post* called a "more benign view."

Mayer claimed "gigantic progress" toward the elimination of hunger. The challenge seemed merely to do something for the people "who somehow fall between the cracks of existing progress"—a beautiful phrase.

In the question period it developed that these are chasms, not cracks. Mayer acknowledged that 10 million people, and possibly "several million more," do not get food stamps although they are malnourished primarily because they are poor.

Will the chasms be bridged? Will these millions be fed?

Don't count on it. The Nixon Administration refuses to spend what the Congress appropriates. In fiscal '70, Administration spending was $30 million below Congressional authorization; in fiscal '71, it will spend $210 million less than the sum authorized.

Nor does the new Nixon budget promise drastic change from the past. The Administration request is for $2 billion for food stamps, ostensibly a $500 million increase, but no increase at all in terms of the size of the program and the people to be included in it. The Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs had recommended $2.5 billion, a much more realistic sum.

Odds and Ends

—Which Andrew Greeley do you read? The Andrew Greeley of a few weeks ago labelled Daniel Callahan's book on abortion "murky and inconclusive"; the Andrew Greeley of the *Holy Cross Quarterly* (special Berrigan issue) cites Callahan's "most rational and civil book on abortion."

—For what it's worth: the Vatican increased its earnings from the sale of museum tickets by $72,000 last year—to $943,200. That from Reuters.

—How fares American economic colonialism? Mighty well in Canada. McGill University economist Karl Levitt produces figures showing U.S. control of Canadian industry to exceed 50 percent in autos, rubber, chemicals, electrical equipment, farm machinery, oil and gas, mining and smelting. Pretty slick. Not only that, says Levitt, growth of the U.S. subsidiaries has been financed out of profits or domestic borrowing, not by the influx of fresh capital. Says the *Times*' Edward Cowan: "This leads Canadians to tell one another, 'They're buying us out with our own money.'" Which is one way of understating it.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Back to Bolivia

Bethesda, Md.

To the Editors: In his article on Bolivia in your December 25 issue Hugo Estenssoro has erred factually on two significant points.

He states "Engaged as the MNR was in the struggle against a steady fall of tin prices, it was but too easy for General Barrientos to stage his 1964 coup." World tin prices showed the following trend, 1962-64 (yearly average, London cash prices):

1962: $1.12 cents per lb.
1963: 1.14 " " "
1964: 1.55 " " "

Prices were steadily rising throughout 1964. In June the average was $1.48, in September, $1.78, and in October, $1.98, virtually the highest monthly average price in history. Paz was overthrown on November 4, 1964. He was faced with many serious problems in his final months in office, but "a steady fall of tin prices" definitely was not one of them. (Source: *Statistical Bulletin,* January, 1967, International Tin Council.)

Mr. Estenssoro also states that the revolution which brought the MNR to power in 1952, "took 3,000 lives in four days." Luis Peñaloza in his *Historia del Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario* 1941-1952 (La Paz, 1963) states that virtually all of the fighting occurred in La Paz and Oruro. The official number of deaths in La Paz as recorded by the Civil Registrar was 393. Peñaloza notes that this did not include several casualties buried without a death certificate. He places the total number dead in the 1952 revolution at "nearly 600." I know of no reliable basis for the higher total given by Mr. Estenssoro.

WILLIAM D. BRODERICK

Reply

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Mr. Broderick's figures

(Continued on page 535)

NEWS & VIEWS: 506 **CORRESPONDENCE: 507**
EDITORIALS: 507
A CHANGE OF MOOD AT CICOP: *Joseph McLellan* **508**
DOESN'T ANYONE CARE ABOUT CAIRO?: *Terry Ann Knopf* **510**
THE SKIRMISH AMONG CATHOLICS: *John Deedy* **511**
SURVIVING IN NEW YORK: *Peter Steinfels* **513**
MY ENTIRE SOUL IS A CRY: *Joseph Blenkinsopp* **514**
'BLESS ME, FATHER. . . .': *Robert Byrne* **519**
THE STAGE: *Michael Murray* **525**
CRITICS' CHOICES FOR RELIGIOUS BOOK WEEK:
Richard P. McBrien, Mary Daly, Raymond A. Schroth, Albert L. Schlitzer, Arthur Moore **526**
BOOKS: 529

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NUCLEAR WEAPONS, NEXT?

There is considerable seductiveness in the Nixon Administration's rationale for the invasion of Laos—that it will shorten the war and get American troops home more quickly. Ends such as those are not easily discounted. Indeed, they are so desirable as to lend respectability to the most questionable of means. And precisely because they do, a concomitant nervousness spreads as to where the war in Indochina is dragging the United States—and the world. For it was this rationale, be it noted, which inspired the various Johnson escalations; it is the rationale which justified the leap into Cambodia. Now it is Laos. General Ky hints that tomorrow it could be an invasion of North Vietnam. After that, what?

The seductiveness of the final successful strike is so great as to lead anywhere and, hardly less threatening, to anything. The problem is that at some point in the adventure patience wears thin and options narrow towards ultimates. Then what does the United States do? Does it go nuclear?

The prospect with respect to Indochina is not nearly so preposterous as it might at first seem. Political analysts are speaking more and more frequently of an Administration search focusing on a third solution for ending the war—something between impossible nuclear disaster and successful conventional warfare. "The answer may well lie in the field of truly tactical atomic weapons," C. L. Sulzberger writes in the *New York Times.* Sulzberger reports a growing nervousness in Peking and Hanoi over the possibility, a nervousness fueled by the steady gradualisms of American militarism and by misanalysis of study papers such as Edward Stillman's "Civilian Sanctuary and Target Avoidance Policy in Thermonuclear War." Stillman's is a purely theoretical scenario about the nuclearizing of the Vietnam war, but Peking and Hanoi, neither with strong reason to believe in American restraint, read serious meaning into the paper. Such reports as the planned evacuation of the civilian population from the northernmost provinces of South Vietnam then are taken as signs that the U.S. is readying for the use of nuclear weapons in the region.

If this sounds paranoid, Peking and Hanoi are in very unparanoid company. *Washington Watch,* the private newsletter of Business Executives Move for Peace, discerns ominous leanings in Washington. It feels that Henry Kissinger is of a mind that "if the massive U.S. air and helicopter

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drive over Cambodia and Laos fails to halt supplies and reinforcements, [he] may recommend tactical weapons, probably this spring."

It is all pretty damn frightening, and nothing is relieved by the fact that the right to use nuclear weapons is reserved to the President. Nixon is the man who as Vice President affirmed that "tactical atomic explosives are now conventional and will be used against the military targets of any aggressive force." Columnist Garry Wills writes that Nixon was speaking of certainties. "Our artillery and our tactical air force in the Pacific are now equipped with atomic explosives which can and will be used on military targets with precision and effectiveness," said Nixon the Vice President. Is Nixon the President a different man? An affirmative answer is so doubtful as to make legislative restrictions on the war-making powers of the President the highest priority of the 92nd Congress.

LIFE BEHIND BARS

"The only thing prisons can cure," said someone bitterly, "is heterosexuality." Bitter or not, no one who knows anything about prison conditions in this country would dispute the basic truth of that statement. Our jails and prisons are sinks of despair and breeding grounds of still more crime and violence. Things do not have to be this way, as the example of a few other countries demonstrates, but the richest country in the world has so far not found money enough—and determination enough—to treat prisoners in a way even half-way human.

In point of fact, most of us know very little about life behinds bars, and the first step toward reform is to get the facts. One pioneering effort in this direction is the recently completed federal census, not of prisons, but of county and city jails. As of March 15, 1970, the day of the jail census, there were 4,037 such institutions, in which 160,863 people were incarcerated. (Prison population is estimated at 350,000.) In general the most obvious thing to say about jails is that most of them are, at least in urban areas, overcrowded, and, in rural and urban areas alike, old. On the latter score, some 500 jails still in use were built in the 19th century and six in the 18th, with the oldest one still in use built in 1705. By and large one-quarter of all jail cells are more than 50 years old.

One startling thing was disclosed by the jail census: of all those held in jail, 83,000 or 52 percent had not been convicted of any crime. This fact makes strikingly sensible a recent decision by the U.S. Court of Appeals in New York ordering that trials be held within six months or that charges be quashed. Many prisoners are too poor to put up bail money while waiting for trial, and one of the most common sources of rebellion inside the jail system is intolerable delay in preferring charges and bringing the accused to trial.

Another invitation to trouble in the jail system is the widespread lack of educational and recreational facilities. Although 65,000 people are serving sentences in local jails, 10,000 for a year or more, many jails are equipped to do nothing but hold them behind bars for the duration of their sentences. Of the 3,300 jails in large communities, 85 percent have no educational or recreational facilities of any kind. About half lack medical facilities, and about one-fourth have no facilities for visitors.

To make things worse, at many of these institutions the mentally disturbed, the hardened criminal and the confused adolescent are all dumped together, with no effort at sorting or segregation according to age or nature of offense, and all this in conditions of severe overcrowding and filth. In short, the question that immediately emerges from the census is obvious: if we treat men worse than animals, why should we be surprised by an occasional outburst of violence?

A Change of Mood at CICOP

"I think the theology of liberation is a praxis."
Rev. Gustavo Perez Ramirez, director general of the Colombian Institute for Social Development.

"A theology of liberation can be written only with blood."
James W. Douglass, professor of theology at the University of Hawaii and author of *The Non-Violent Cross.*

"Chicanos need to develop their own, authentic theology of liberation—not accept one worked out by (you will pardon the expression) gringos."
Rev. Ralph Ruiz, national chairman of PADRES.

During the seven years in which the Catholic Inter-American Cooperation Program has been holding its annual meetings, the context of these discussions has changed drastically. Che Guevara and Camilo Torres have become heroes to a significant segment of Catholicism. The urban guerrilla has entered the scene, from Argentina to Quebec; kidnapping, bombing, the temporary takeover of a radio station to broadcast a revolutionary manifesto, bank robberies to finance guerrilla war—all these have become part of the political patterns of Latin America and some of them have moved north. A Christian Democrat President in Chile—hailed not long ago as the maker of a pattern for Latin America's future—has been succeeded by a Marxist. Small wonder that the 500 participants in this year's meeting departed

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more frequently from the CICOP blend of sociology, politics, economics and theology to engage in some wry self-analysis.

The mood was expressed most accurately and eloquently, perhaps, by the man responsible for CICOP, the Rev. Louis M. Colonnese, director of the Division for Latin America, U.S. Catholic Conference. In an impromptu statement from the floor during a panel discussion, he hurled the name of "armchair revolutionaries" at his assembled guests. Too many of them, he said, attend a conference on revolution, get excited and then go home, inactive but glowing, "while others are drawing blood."

With or without the help of North Americans, said Colonnese, "the flame is raging; the revolution is in progress. I don't believe anything is going to reverse it."

In Spanish, the same attitude was reflected by Rev. Gustavo Perez Ramires, currently embroiled in controversy with the Colombian government because of his charges that genocide is being practiced upon the Guahibo Indians of Eastern Colombia. We must follow our principles, said the Bogota sociologist, to "las ultimas consequencias" but not to "las ultimas conferencias."

There was excitement at this meeting, as there always is at CICOP meetings. Some of it came from the knowledge that there were shakers and movers in the crowd —men who cannot return to their countries because of their dedication to freedom and others for whom silence in public or statements not for attribution must be the price of being able to go home again. There was talk, in the corridors and over hasty lunches, of underground movements and torture in police stations. The charge was whispered, though never with an accuser's name for publication, that some American aid is going into programs which include the torture of prisoners. A sense of conspiracy flavored the somewhat academic atmosphere of the public sessions.

But amid the busy rushing from session to session, the discussions of dependency and liberation, the thematic liturgy and rambling panels, there was an undercurrent of uneasiness among the North Americans who formed the bulk of the meeting.

"Students are being tortured in Brazil, the Berrigans are in prison, Southeast Asia is burning, minorities are being suppressed in the United States—and we sit here listening to lectures." A consensus along these lines is reflected in the "statement of solidarity" signed by many participants on the last day of the conference.

The statement talks of "a shared commitment to actively implement the theology of liberation" and a "responsibility to dedicate ourselves to share in the struggle of our sisters and brothers to reclaim their full human dignity."

"We express our solidarity with all those suffering repression and join with them to kindle hope based on reality, not rhetoric," the statement says. But in the third year of the Nixon era, rhetoric sometimes seems to be the only tool left—rhetoric or a molotov cocktail; and if the CICOP participants were ready to join the guerrillas, they weren't letting the press in on their plans. Instead, they signed a statement denouncing the charges against the East Coast Conspiracy, the Indochina war and the intimidation of Black, Spanish-American and Indian activist groups. Two of the resolutions dealt specifically with Latin America and deserve to be quoted in full:

"We denounce: . . .

"The complicity of the U.S. government in the systematic exploitation of Latin American nations seeking political and economic self-determination through whatever methodology best expresses the people's will . . .

"The complicity of the U.S. government in the systematic torture of political prisoners in Latin America whose only crime is dissent."

As a gesture, it was less dramatic than kidnapping Henry Kissinger would have been. It is doubtful that it gave permanent consolation to those participants who must return to suburban campuses, rectories and convents across the nation.

Why go to a CICOP meeting, then? The information conveyed could be distributed in print and the key documents are, in fact, made available beforehand to participants. The group dynamics are stimulating at times but, in long-range terms, either transitory or frustrating.

Circulating at and between the CICOP sessions, I picked up two answers to this question—one tightly focused, practical and personal; the other pieced together from a variety of remarks by many participants.

Fr. Ralph Ruiz, national chairman of PADRES, a special apostolate to the Spanish-speaking Catholics who are one-quarter of the church in the United States, was at his first CICOP meeting. The sessions, he said, had "fantastic value for me and for all Mexican Americans." His only reservation was that the message conveyed by CICOP should be reaching a much wider audience.

"I am not alone—Chicanos are not alone," was the first impression he had from meeting with South American participants. At the same time, the South Americans "became aware at this meeting that Latin America does not stop at Mexico's northern border."

He remarked on the diversity of people at the meeting and thought that there might be "too many levels of thinking—some are scholars, very theoretical; others are fascinated, at a distance, by a *subject*, and then there are some who are actually participants in the agonizing situation that the others observe and study."

"Much of what happens at CICOP will be misunderstood," he said.

So much for one man's reaction. A consensus of middle-class Americans at the meeting is somewhat simpler to express. This consensus, based largely on evidence provided through the whole series of annual CICOP meet-

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ings, holds that the next "Vietnam" facing the United States will almost certainly be located in Latin America. In a sense, this new Vietnam is already in its early stages.

Because Latin America is traditionally Catholic, the church in the United States should have a special interest in preventing a repetition of the mistakes the United States made the last time. And because CICOP has been reaching Americans with information and promoting free dialogue between North and South Americans, it is just barely possible that some future U.S. President may be better informed—or subjected to enough counter-pressure—to avoid disaster the next time.

It's less dramatic than tossing a molotov cocktail or kidnapping a government official. But it's a good reason for packing 500 people in one room to hear a panel talk.

JOSEPH MCLELLAN

(*Joseph McLellan was editor of* A.D. 70 *and is presently on the staff of NC News Service.*)

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CIVIL WAR IN ILLINOIS

DOESN'T ANYONE CARE ABOUT CAIRO?

A war is taking place on our own shores, involving the lives of our own people, and hardly anyone has stopped to notice. The war is being fought by whites and blacks in a small town in southern Illinois called Cairo (pronounced "care-o" or "key-ro"). There are about 6000 people in the town, of whom 30-40 percent are black.

Underlying the current crisis are deep-seated tensions which are racial as well as economic. Civil rights activity in the comunity can be traced to 1946 when blacks won a suit demanding equal pay for black and white teachers. In 1963, blacks held demonstrations against a segregated swimming pool. Offsetting their victory in the courts was a decision by the city to close the pool altogether. In 1967—sandwiched in between and overshadowed by the outbreaks in Newark and Detroit—was a disturbance precipitated by the death of a black soldier.

The violence seemed to signal an increasing polarization of the races. The police said that the soldier, who had been in jail awaiting trial on AWOL charges, had committed suicide in his cell. Blacks charged the soldier had been the victim of police brutality. Lending weight to their accusations was the fact that the soldier's body was embalmed before dawn without the permission of the dead man's family. A close relative indicated that the family had wanted an autopsy, but that the coroner had decided that none was necessary.

In the same year, as the races drifted further and further apart, whites organized a vigilante group known as the White Hats because of their headgear. Calling themselves a neighborhood protective group, the White Hats armed themselves, held regular drills and launched attacks on the black neighborhoods. Pyramid Court, a low-income housing development, was their favorite target. In 1969, the White Hats were officially disbanded by the state. However, their place was soon taken by a new group with close ties to the White Citizens Council called the United Citizens for Community Action (UCCA). For all practical purposes, the White Hats are still very much alive.

Complicating things is an extremely bleak economic situation. By every standard imaginable, Cairo is economically depressed. In 1960, 56 percent of the town's housing was substandard and without plumbing. Between 1950 and 1970, the population dropped from 12,000 to its present level of about 6,000. The unemployment rate is now at 10 percent and higher among blacks. About 30 percent of the residents are on some form of public assistance. An ambitious young man seeking his fortune in the world is likely to move to St. Louis or Chicago.

The immediate crisis has been occasioned by a black boycott of white businesses. The boycott is being sponsored by the United Front, an umbrella group formed in 1969, which seeks more and better jobs for blacks. Now almost two-years-old, the boycott has definitely hurt white businessmen. Several firms have been forced to close.

Pitted against the blacks is an equally determined group of hostile, frightened whites led by the mayor, the police chief and the White Hats. Guns have been accumulated by both sides, while shootings, beatings, bombings and burnings have become a common every-day occurrence. Since the boycott was initiated, there reportedly have been more than 140 black-versus-white shooting incidents.

Most of the violence, however, appears to have been directed against blacks. A reporter for the *Guardian*, who recently visited the black neighborhoods, compared the area to a "war zone": ". . . the passage through the black neighborhoods is like a war zone tour. In nearly every block there are the ruins of a burnt-out house, often a row of four or five sets of charred wood."

Not all the facts in the situation are clear, but the dimensions of the tragedy are unmistakable. For unlike the tragedies at Kent State or Jackson State which were quick affairs over and done with, the crisis in Cairo continues unabated. What we have is the logical fruit

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of complete polarization—armed, prolonged racial conflict. Cairo threatens to become our domestic Vietnam, a symbol and symptom of national malaise, a possible testing-ground for future race wars to come in other communities across the country.

In recent months, the already critical situation has shown further signs of deterioration. When the federal courts threw out a local anti-picketing law aimed at blacks, the City Council promptly enacted a new set of ordinances designed to curb demonstrations. All five blacks on the police force have now resigned. Meanwhile, the police have deputized auxiliary policemen, some of whom are reputed members of the White Hats. Blacks have charged the police with making discriminatory arrests, using unnecessary force and, in some instances, actively participating in vigilante attacks.

In a highly unusual move, Governor Richard Ogilvie has stationed state troops in the area for an indefinite stay. The Governor is quoted as saying the troops "may be there for several years." Blacks, however, claim they have received no more protection from this group than from the local police, and view the troops as a kind of occupying army.

Not long ago, a black soldier on leave in Cairo died,

The Skirmish Among Catholics

Cairo's seething racial tensions have caught up the Catholic church, and cast it as both hero and villain in the white-black tug-of-war in this river city. The hero image reflects off Father Bernard Bodewes and the property—church and rectory—of former St. Columba's parish here; these have been the organizational loci of the Black United Front of Cairo (UFC). Not heroic has been the image reflected off of chancery headquarters in Belleville; from there Bishop Albert R. Zuroweste ordered Father Bodewes and the UFC out of the property or face eviction proceedings.

Enter now the National Catholic Conference of Interracial Justice, the National Coalition of American Nuns, the National Federation of Priests Councils, the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago, the Illinois Migrant Council, Loretto Adult Education League of Chicago, two Chicago inner-city parishes, St. Dominic's and Holy Angels, and others. They organized a coalition which went to Cairo in an attempt to cool tensions over the eviction deadline, set for February 1. Said Sister Margaret Ellen Traxler, spokesman for the coalition, "We are concerned about the image of the Catholic church as it affects the black community."

There was desire also to support Father Bodewes, whom Sister Traxler described as "really the only Catholic witness" among blacks in Cairo. When the head of the inner-city apostolate for the Belleville diocese left Cairo last year, it was Father Bodewes who stepped in and has been the principal Catholic witness among blacks in the city. The Southern Illinois Association of Catholic Priests, principally from the Belleville diocese, has aligned itself on the side of Father Bodewes.

The coalition said it was not going to Cairo to defend the black cause as such, but to point out to Catholics and the bishop that when one group is in power and it acts against those not in power, this is considered oppression. "Consequently," Sister Traxler told the press, "the image of the church will be that of a white, racist institutional power." The best people in the world can fall victim to the use of such power, she added.

The immediate objective of the coalition was to head off the impending eviction crisis. If the eviction plans stood, the coalition said, a vigil would be kept on the parish property. On the other hand, if Bishop Zuroweste was agreeable, the coalition was prepared to buy the parish property (the property is a creaking set of buildings that was sold to the diocese by a religious order three years ago for $3,000, when the parish was phased out). The purchase being made, the coalition would then turn the property over to the UFC.

The visit to Cairo was less than all the coalition hoped, although it did have the effect of heading off the eviction, at least for the time being. The coalition met with the parish council of St. Patrick's Church in Cairo, the council being authorized by Bishop Zuroweste to listen and convey the coalition's recommendations to him. (Bishop Zuroweste had himself refused to see the coalition; the coalition marched from door to door at the Chancery in Belleville, but door bells were not answered.) The coalition's recommendations were that the church give massive economic help to all of Cairo, both black and white; that church and community work together for an economic program of self-help; that proposals be made to the Bishops Campaign for Human Development to bring a flow of economic help to blacks and whites in Cairo. There was also a recommendation for "outside facilitators" who would bring, not only blacks and whites together, but Catholics as well.

The coalition's recommendations were passed on to Bishop Zuroweste, but as of February 10, no public action had been taken. The Catholic situation in Cairo was still in abeyance. And still on the table was the coalition offer to buy the parish property.

JOHN DEEDY

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the victim of an unknown sniper. In the last eighteen months, three police chiefs, one mayor and one county sheriff have resigned.

Given the seriousness of the situation, a question arises as to why Cairo has attracted so little attention? We can begin with the obvious lack of concern on the part of the American public. The reasons for the public's indifference are not entirely clear. Perhaps the war in Vietnam has desensitized us to violence. Perhaps the tragedy at Kent State has drained our energies. Or perhaps black people—the chief victims of this war—are simply more expendable than whites.

In any event, whatever the reasons are, the public's inattention to Cairo has been reflected, if not reenforced, by the media. Relatively few stories have been filed on the beleaguered town—an incident here and there—but hardly the sustained, extensive coverage required. Moreover, insofar as attention has been given, the media have been guilty of some gross inaccuracies and distortions.

Several weeks ago, for example, United Press International and the Associated Press—the two major wire services—issued releases about a supposed raid on a police station by "squads of armed Negro men." Hundreds of rounds of ammunition were reportedly fired in what appeared to be a deliberate, unprovoked attack on the police. The story made its merry way into scores of newspapers across the country ranging from the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post,* to the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Ann Arbor News*, not to mention *Newsweek* magazine. Omitted from the story was the fact that a black-owned tavern, a church used for meetings of blacks, and the offices of a civil rights lawyer were all riddled with bullets at about the same time of the alleged raid by blacks.

The story, however, was not only misleading but inaccurate as well. A skeptical *Times'* reporter who did take the trouble to do a follow-up story for his newspaper could only find seventeen pockmarks on the police station which might have been caused by gunfire that night. *Chicago Journalism Review*, which keeps a critical eye on the media, has gone so far as to suggest that the alleged raid may never even have taken place.

The questions raised by this misreporting are: first, why both news services have continued to rely heavily on local stringers for information—individuals who have close ties to the white power structure; and second, why neither UPI nor AP has seen fit to station reporters from the outside area (say, Chicago) in Cairo on a regular basis.

If the media have failed to confront the crisis in Cairo, those in positions of national leadership have not fared any better. Thus far, the Justice Department has failed to authorize a full federal grand-jury investigation, which would include a look at possible violations of civil rights.

The FBI says that it is "continuing to watch the situation," but has no plans to actively investigate—this, despite the fact that a public defender's project partially funded by the federal government has been the target of gunfire. Cars bearing Kentucky license plates reportedly have been seen in the area on the nights of white sniping attacks. Such activity would seem to fall under the anti-riot legislation which makes it a federal offense to cross state lines for the purpose of fomenting violence. Nevertheless, the FBI has chosen not to involve itself—an interesting stance in view of its zealousnessness when it comes to pursuing black militants, student radicals and other "subversives."

Meanwhile, the FCC has yet to act on a petition from the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law which would deny the license renewal of radio station WKRO. The lawyers' brief makes a convincing case against the station for unbelievably biased reporting, for failing to represent the entire community. It is noteworthy that the president of the station just happens to be on the board of directors of the UCCA.

Finally, we have yet to hear from our usually vocal politicians. Both the President who promised to "bring us together" and his chief deputy, who is never at a loss for words, remain strangely silent. At the same time, Congress has declined to initiate its own investigation and hold hearings, just as it does on the other war in Vietnam.

And so the crisis in Cairo—the war in the Middle West—continues. Doesn't anyone care about Cairo?

TERRY ANN KNOPF

(Terry Ann Knopf, a Research Associate at the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence at Brandeis University, is currently at work on a book about rumors and racial disorders.)

CHRISTIANITY & CRISIS DINNER

The distinguished Protestant journal, *Christianity & Crisis*, is this year celebrating its 30th Anniversary. To mark the occasion a dinner will be held in honor of the magazine's Editorial Chairman and ecumenical pioneer, Dr. John C. Bennett, former president of Union Theological Seminary. Speakers will include Tom Wicker of the *New York Times*, Eugene Carson Blake of the World Council of Churches, Andrew Young of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and former Senator Eugene J. McCarthy.

Place: Manhattan's Riverside Church.

Date: March 16, 6:30 P.M.

Tickets: Single, $12.50; for two, $20.

Write: Christianity & Crisis, 537 West 121st Street, New York, N.Y. 10027.

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SURVIVING IN NEW YORK

PETER STEINFELS

IN THE STATE of New York, Sunday, February 7, was Anti-Smut Day. Hardly anybody noticed.

In fact, on Sunday, February 7—Anti-Smut Day, officially proclaimed by Governor Nelson Rockefeller and dutifully observed (or so we were told) by the Catholic War Veterans—on that day the electricity failed and all the lights went out in Times Square and the surrounding areas. Which is, as everyone knows, the smuttiest part of town. I think there's a connection here worth looking into, and I'm going to write someone about it—maybe Martha Mitchell and Jim Garrison.

Everyone remained calm during the latest blackout, just as they had during the massive blackout five years ago. After all, if the transportation workers, and the sanitation men, and the teachers, and the cab drivers, and the firemen, and the policemen, all go on strike, why shouldn't the electric light bulbs? During the cab strikes, New Yorkers discovered they didn't really need cabs. During the police strike, they discovered they didn't really need police. Only the garbage strike and the school strike had the city up against the wall. New York is very strong on garbage. And having all those school kids around, like having all the garbage around, was a threat to the city's good health. Cab drivers and policemen may be luxuries, but garbagemen and school teachers, we learned, are necessities; and perhaps because their functions are analogous: to keep the street clean.

After the police strike, when it was discovered that crime rates had not soared and that there was no looting in New York as there had been in Montreal during a police strike, some out-of-touch psychologists and local boosters began congratulating the city's residents for their composure and self-restraint. New Yorkers are not self-restrained; they are numb. My guess is that the municipal criminal element is so beset with the ordinary terrors of surviving in New York, just like the rest of us, that they no longer have the mental ease to pause a moment and figure out the best way to take advantage of the absence of cops.

How numb we are was demonstrated to me one morning when I boarded the last car of a subway train. Suddenly the door to the car ahead opened, and ten or twelve people rushed back into our car. My nostrils had been stinging already, but with the new arrivals there came a whiff of something which seemed instantly to dry up the inside of my nose and throat and stuff these useful cavities with hot cotton. (My later surmise was that someone in the next car had set off one of those mini-mace cannisters which carry names like "The Protector of Women" and "The Scourge of Muggers" and are on sale at all the neighborhood drugstores.) At any rate, I swiftly divined that I was not alone in my suffering. Indeed the entire subway car was packed with people coughing, wiping their eyes, gasping for air, holding handkerchiefs over their noses. The stinging grew worse and worse. Breathing seemed more and more to be only a fond memory, a Salem ad somewhere in the back of the mind. Would we all be snuffed out, like candles? Since no one really knew what was afflicting us, that was not an entirely unreasonable possibility. But did we do anything? Pull the emergency cord? Break open those windows (most of them) which were stuck shut? Scream?

Of course not. We were New Yorkers. So we all stood there, coughing, doubling up in a few less inhibited cases, grasping our handkerchiefs, and perhaps, at the most, exchanging a smile and a knowing glance with the person standing on our toes, so as to say, "Well it looks like we're all choking to death, so what else is new?"

A few individuals went so far as to speak to someone else, although, if I remember rightly, the proper way to refer to the imminent death facing all of us, was to offer a weak joke about air pollution. Finally—it was an express train and had to go 24 blocks before the next stop—the train halted, the doors opened, and we could nonchalantly flee. Some passengers stayed aboard, preferring suffocation to waiting for another train. All in a day's work.

I had an insight that morning into the problem, so bitterly debated, of how the Nazis managed to march so many people into gas chambers with so little resistance. When the time comes for the anti-New Yorkers (and truthfully anti-New Yorkism might make an excellent platform for an American fascism) to try out the Final Solution, all they will have to do is to use the subway system and coordinate their efforts with rush hour.

Because New Yorkers are numb, it is commonly but mistakenly thought that they are unfriendly. This is not true. For example, whenever anyone is mugged in my building, we all gather on the landings and talk about the most unforgettable mugging we have ever known. (A neighborhood newspaper used to run a Mugging of the Week column.) None of this stuff about not knowing your neighbor.

It is said that cockroaches are the creatures most likely to survive a nuclear war, in which case New York, and my apartment in particular, are assured of a long and teeming future in planetary history. But after cockroaches? I think it was the late Senator Russell who declared that if a nuclear war were to leave only two humans alive, he wanted to make sure that those two were Americans. Poor man. Chances are that the two won't be Americans, at least not in Senator Russell's sense.

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MY ENTIRE SOUL IS A CRY

The religious passion of Nikos Kazantzakis

JOSEPH BLENKINSOPP

"If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind . . ." R. D. Laing

At his death in 1957 Kazantzakis was still not too well known in the English-speaking world. By that time three of his novels had appeared in English, including *Zorba the Greek*, and a year later his long epic poem *The Oydssey, A Modern Sequel* came out in the translation of Kimon Friar. The sixties saw the publication of four other major novels, his autobiography *Report to Greco*, some travel books and an ethical treatise entitled *The Saviors of God*. Despite all this, he only really caught on after the release of Cacoyannis' film *Zorba* in the middle of the decade, which boosted the sales of the novels and worked wonders for Greek restaurateurs. Then the theologians began to discover him and quotes, mostly from *Zorba*, appeared with increasing frequency in the works of such trailblazers as John Robinson, Harvey Cox and Sam Keen. But apart from a study mostly dedicated to *The Odyssey* by a fellow-Greek, Prevelakis, and rather casual essays by Colin Wilson and Maurice Friedman, no serious study of his thinking has yet appeared.

It no longer occasions surprise on American campuses to hear students, especially theological students, speak of prayer as reporting (to whom is not always clear), or of being saved from salvation, or going beyond hope and fear. The Ecumenical Institute of Chicago has even modelled its curriculum on insights traceable to *The Saviors of God, Report to Greco* and, yes, *Zorba*. With the dionysian theologians now in the saddle and riding hard, it is safe to predict that his influence will continue to be felt. And this might appear to call for an explanation since Kazantzakis, who never visited the United States, speaks out of an experience and in an idiom quite foreign even to a generation of Americans nourished on Marcuse, Brown, Watts and the rest. The beginnings but not the ends of an explanation may perhaps best be looked for in *Zorba*.

Zorba the Greek, published in 1946 when Kazantzakis was sixty-three years old, was written towards the end of the war in the island of Aegina. From the letters recently published by his widow we learn of the desperate situation on the island at that time: mass starvation, the Gestapo, the sense of further ills in store when the Germans left. Politically Kazantzakis was caught between right and left both of which distrusted him. Since his association with idealistic Marxists in Berlin twenty years earlier he had been greatly attracted to Lenin and had visited Russia four times. But his anti-materialistic interpretation of Communism—he called it metacommunism— was too much for the local party men and his offer to join the partisans was rejected; which, however, did not prevent him from being arrested as a Communist shortly after the war ended. In addition to all this, his health was poor and he confessed in one letter that he felt close to death. It was in these circumstances that he evoked the image of the man he had known briefly almost thirty years earlier and had never seen again.

For there was a real Zorba—Ghiorgios Zorbas, to be exact—and there was a lignite mine which they worked together though it was situated not in Crete but on the mainland. This project, like so many others of Kazantzakis, was soon abandoned. Zorbas went on to Serbia

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whence he wrote his former boss magnificently ungrammatical letters. Kazantzakis, itchy-footed as always, moved on to Switzerland. Two years later, while briefly holding a minor portfolio in the government of Venizelos, he was repatriating Greeks from Southern Russia aided by another friend, a certain Stavridaki, news of whose death comes towards the end of the novel preceded by dark omens. In these and other respects *Zorba* is clearly autobiographical. Suffice it to recall his attitude to popular Greek Orthodox Christianity (the run-down monastery, the senile bishop, the mad, pyromaniac monk) and his life-long obsession with Buddha from whom the young recluse is eventually liberated.

Helen Kazantzakis' biography has a photo of George Zorbas which looks nothing like Anthony Quinn and can therefore hardly fail to disappoint. It shows a lively dapper man with the mandatory moustache who looks younger than the sixty-five years of the fictional Zorba. The latter had knocked around the world quite a bit, been married "a few times," had a son who died in infancy, an illegitimate daughter and a brother described as "a sensible, stay-at-home money lender, a hypocritical church-goer, a real pillar of society" (typically, he was a grocer; Kazantzakis had it in for grocers because they *weighed* everything). At the time of the mining venture Zorba was, apparently, free of family attachments, He had read only one book which was *Sinbad the Sailor*.

In the chapter on Zorba in *Report to Greco* the author tells us little about him except that he was the man he loved most in his life and it was from him that he learned to love life and not to fear death. Great as the compliment is, we should note that it was made after the myth of Zorba (this is the author's own term) took shape in the novel. According to Kazantzakis, the function of the creative writer is to make myths, not to recreate but to overcome the past and sow the seeds of a new consciousness. Echoing Nietzsche and Bergson, the two most important literary influences on his thinking (he wrote his university dissertation on the former and studied briefly under the latter in Paris), he writes in *Report to Greco* that "reality . . . does not exist independent of man, complete and ready; it comes about with man's collaboration and is proportionate to man's worth." The protagonist of his drama *Christopher Columbus* is speaking in similar vein when he says that what we call "non-existent"—in this case the hypothetical new world—is what we do not desire enough. Taking up Nietzsche's parable of the slain Dionysos as a prophecy of new life, he argues that the task of the creative writer is to recompose the *disiecta membra* and so bring into existence a new form of consciousness and life. Believing in "the identity between my individual struggle and the great struggle of the contemporary world," he assimilated all of his heroes in one way or another to his own psychic history in an attempt to articulate a new model for human living. Despite all the contradictions and ambiguities in which his work abounds this seems to be the source of his attraction for so many today.

Zorba, however, is not a characteristic Kazantzakan hero. For one thing, only in this novel and in *The Rock Garden*, set in the Far East, is the story controlled by an anonymous narrator who is the author himself incognito. Despite appearances to the contrary, the dramatic interest is really focussed on this narrator rather than on Zorba and Li-Te respectively. Will the Boss complete his manuscript, dance, go to the widow? Will he cut the strings and be drawn into Zorba's world? The dramatic climax ought to come (it does in the movie) with that Nietzschean moment of the collapse of the cableline and ensuing dance on the shore. Only at this point the author is defeated by his own autobiographical honesty. He was too much convinced that writing was a second-order activity, a *faute de mieux*; he tells us elsewhere that when he came to know Zorba at the age of thirty-four it was already too late; he had degenerated into an incurable pen-pusher. And so the Boss, though turned on by Zorba, was not driven out of his wretched mind.

Buddha-fixation

The climax of Kazantzakis' preoccupation with Buddha came in 1922 when he was in Vienna working on the first draft of a verse-drama on his life. Always attracted to the ascetic life—he had spent six months on Mount Athos some years previously—he was leading a withdrawn, intense existence. He did, however, allow himself a visit to the theater where he met a woman with whom, unaccountably and almost involuntarily, he made an assignment. Before he could keep his appointment, however, he found to his horror that he had been afflicted with a strange disorder which covered his face with a suppurating, swollen mask. In this condition he happened to come across Wilhelm Steckel, distinguished member of Freud's Vienna Circle, who with thinly disguised delight diagnosed it as a psychosomatic disorder, an extreme product of guilt and self-rejection which had occasionally afflicted medieval ascetics but was practically unknown in the modern world. He predicted that as soon as his patient left Vienna and his chance acquaintance behind the disfigurement would disappear, and so it did. Passing on to Berlin he was, as he himself tells us, released from his ascetic Buddha-fixation by a passionate Marxist Jewess who temporarily became his mistress.

In *The Greek Passion* (made into the film *Celui qui doit mourir*) Manolios, the Christ of the village passion-play, is similarly afflicted when he leaves his mountain retreat to accept the advances of the widow—an archetypal and almost cultic figure in the novels. At the moment when the Christ of *The Last Temptation* is

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about to choose Mary Magdalene as his bride he feels the claws of the murderous divine vulture in his scalp and falls down senseless—clearly a variation on the same theme. We cannot imagine this happening to Zorba. It can happen only to the "dutiful man" who sets out to transubstantiate matter into spirit and succumbs to temptation. In this sense, as has just been said, Zorba is not a typical Kazantzakan hero. By the time of writing, the companion of the mining venture in the Peloponnese had been taken up into the Nietzschean myth of Dionysos, an embodiment of creative and destructive energy. In his passion to go beyond, his impatience with the virtues of bourgeois society, especially the domestic virtues, his contempt for the cheap grace dispensed by conventional Christianity—in these and other ways Zorba is pure Nietzsche. Like Zarathustra he walks like a dancer. To accept his invitation to dance is to risk a free fall into the chaos over which we build our insecure catwalks of rationality and order. He is "a dangerous across, a dangerous on-the-way, a dangerous looking back, a dangerous shuddering and stopping" *(Thus Spoke Zarathustra)*. He is Nietzschean man, above all, in his affirmation of life faced with the tragic absurdity of death. As the last letter from the Serbian schoolmaster relates, Zorba died literally on his feet scorning what are called "the consolations of religion." In this last respect at least Kazantzakis the pen-pusher emulated his example as he lay dying in the hospital in Freiburg.

The Old and the New

It is no accident that Kazantzakis speaks most clearly of the decay of Western civilization in the chapter about Zorba in *Report to Greco*. His point is that the existing cultural molds are no longer adequate for modern man and that every man who is truly alive in the world, especially the creative artist, is torn between old myths which have vented their strength but still claim allegiance and new myths which are yet to be articulated. Far from having entered the house of Aquarius, our age has come under the constellation of anguish. Like Nietzsche, he believed that the predictable collapse of the basic *nomos* of Western civilization implies a radical calling into question of the whole Christian-Platonic world-view—the reality of a God who is witness of men's actions and the myth of salvation from outside in particular. In this respect *Zorba* has its own cultural and religious significance. The message is the same as Zarathustra's: descent into chaos is necessary for the gestation of a new self and a new world; unless you have chaos within you cannot give birth to a dancing star; society with its fossilized value-systems, ritualized behavior patterns and programmed responses must first be driven out of its wretched mind before new forms can emerge.

It is at this point that we have to go beyond *Zorba* to grasp the significance of Kazantzakis' thinking and explain his appeal. Towards the beginning of the autobiography he has given us a valuable clue to the exegesis of his work as a whole: "My entire soul is a cry, and all my work the commentary on that cry." This seems to imply two things: that we should avoid random quotation—behaving, as Nietzsche put it, like looting soldiers; that the only legitimate objective is to penetrate towards the impulse and passion from which the work as a whole derives. In particular, the Dionysos-theme embodied in Zorba will be misunderstood if it is not seen within the context of the author's work as a whole.

It may seem unfortunate that *The Odyssey, A Modern Sequel*, a vast epic poem of 33,333 verses, had to be the longest and the least readable of his works; but the fact remains that we can no more come to grips with its author without reading it than we can with Joyce without reading *Ulysses*, the other modern transposition of the same heroic theme. In view of his origins, it was probably inevitable that he should go back to the antiquity of his own race for a basic paradigm. He found it in the Homeric poems which celebrate a heroic mode of existence and one which, as C. H. Whitman points out, turns upon the poles of divinity and death. This great literary *tour de force*, rewritten seven times over a period of thirteen years and finally published in 1938, recapitulates in one way or another the themes of all of the novels. Dissatisfied with Ithaca, Odysseus sets out once again with five companions. After undergoing every possible experience, including the loss of his companions, he makes the final leg of his journey alone to the South Pole where he dies on the ice-cap surrounded by the spirits of the dead. It is never clearly stated what Odysseus set out to find, what the goal of his journey was—whether God, or a new meaning to life or something else—but the impression is that what counts is the journey itself. The same themes of the hero-journey and the tragic joy of journeying are played out in the rest of his work. The journey is that of Christ from the carpenter's shop to the summit of Golgotha, that of the dispossessed to freedom in *The Greek Passion*, the Neo-Platonic movement from purification to union and, in its uttermost expression, that of the Great Combatant from the lowest forms of life to points beyond man. It is undertaken neither out of blind instinct nor a sure knowledge of the goal. Its reality is experienced as struggle, ascent, suffering; itself its only reward.

It may seem strange at first sight that Kazantzakis finds a place for Christ in his dialectical scheme of reality, and yet it is precisely here that he differs from his mentor Nietzsche. He followed the same road as Zarathustra but further along it he rediscovered Christ as a traveller who had gone before him. Like Joyce and many others before and since, he had bad luck with the particular form of institutional Christianity in which he

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was raised. He rejected it and it rejected him; the Greek archbishop would not allow his body to lie in church chiefly because of *The Greek Passion* and *The Last Temptation of Christ,* and the last named novel was, for good measure, put on the Roman Catholic index. He has some hard things to say about conventional Christianity as "a well organized fairy tale promising paradise and immortality" and the churches as "taverns of hope where you go to forget your real duty". Yet his work, like that of Joyce, is pervaded with Christian symbolism and the action in almost all the novels is played out within the time-sequence of the Christian calendar.

After reading the autobiography it is hardly possible to doubt that for Kazantzakis Christ remained to the end a luminous and compelling figure. He is the model of "the dutiful man" who hears the cry and sets out on the

journey. He resisted pressure from his family to make him settle down and get married, struggled against the temptation of lust aroused by his cousin Mary Magdalene and the prospect of political power as the leader and representative of the dispossessed. After the last tempting vision on the cross, in which he saw himself as having chosen the easy way, the human way, he died certain that he had accomplished his mission. Why did he do it? What was his purpose—just to get himself crucified? We are not told nor is any indication given that he himself knew. There is no resurrection since only we can resurrect Christ. In a void he created his own meaning. There are no goals known to man in a rational way in advance of reaching them; there are no metaphysical meanings ready made for him. Either he creates his own meaning or he lives without any meaning at all.

In *The Fratricides,* Kyriakos, the priest-*manqué* and self-commissioned village preacher, sees it another way. Using an attractive grammatical figure he speaks of Christ as the man who dared to be different:

> "It seems that all the people around Him, the Scribes and Pharisees, Anna, Kayafas, were regular verbs; it means that they had written laws, from the time of their ancestors, and they obeyed these laws. They knew exactly what was good, what was bad, what was honorable, what was dishonorable; for they had the Ten Commandments as their guide. Whoever followed these got on well in society; whoever broke them was a rebel, an upstart against society; and society became angry, confused, and felt its foundations shaken. So it grabbed the irregular verb and said, 'So you refuse to be conjugated like the rest of us, in the regular way? Then down you go!' "

What Kazantzakis claimed to be doing was liberating Christ from the churches and the priests and delivering him back to the modern age as a model of the true man who struggles and suffers to transcend himself. Giving a new meaning to terms hallowed by the tradition, he sees the "dual substance" of Christ as the basis of identification and contemporaneity since "every man partakes of the divine nature in both his flesh and his spirit." Hence the struggle is at the same time both spiritual and fleshly. But in fact the validity of his presentation, as of others like Pasolini, and Muggeridge, depends upon the validity and authenticity of the writer's own insights. To endorse the Jesus of *The Last Temptation* is necessarily to endorse Kazantzakis.

As generally happens to a son raised in an active Christian environment, Kazantzakis' struggle for selfhood involved both the earthly and the heavenly father. For him, as for Freud, the prototypal heroic feat is the overcoming of the father; only, Kazantzakis takes it further and speaks of overcoming the whole of one's ancestry, transubstantiating this inherited darkness into light. His own father, mythologically portrayed in *Freedom or Death* and, to a lesser extent, in *Report to Greco*, was a freedom fighter, a bitter, taciturn, dominating figure whom young Nikos continued for years to view with fear and admiration. Much the same attitude dominated his relations with his grandfather who is practically indistinguishable from el Greco in the autobiography and sometimes even from God.

In the first of the dream-narratives in *Report to Greco* he finds himself on Mount Sinai awaiting the theophany with fascination and terror. In his hands he holds a petition signed by all the trees, birds, beasts and humans which reads, "Father, we do not want you to eat us!" But when the ineffable appeared it was not Jehovah but his grandfather, the fierce Cretan ancestor. In the account of his early schooldays he speaks of the terror certain Old Testament names held for him—names like Abraham, Habbakuk and especially Jehovah, "the ravenous beast of the celestial jungle." The reality of this primordial deity, suspiciously similar to the Jehovah of *Moses and Monotheism*, is not denied, but he has now been overcome and left behind, his fierce energy spent. Now the situation is different: "God is not man's ancestor but his descendant . . . God is being built; I too have added my tiny red pebble, a drop of blood, to give

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him solidity lest he perish." Now his very existence depends on the resolution of man's destiny, his suffering and continued ascent: "God was never created out of happiness, out of glory, out of comfort. Only out of shame, disgrace and tears."

There is therefore for Kazantzakis, as there was for Nietzsche, a sense in which God has ceased to exist. But there is also for Kazantzakis, as there was not for Nietzsche, a sense in which God does not yet exist. In the prologue to the autobiography he describes his life as clambering up the dark hulk of God and groping to find the face. But in these last years he and, so he believes, modern man with him, has discovered that the hulk does not have a face. For behind the face which so many claim to recognize there is the Abyss which only the bravest and purest of souls can acknowledge. The French abbé who accompanied him on his visit to the dervish at Knossos surprised him by praying to the god worshipped by the ancient Minoans. He could do this, so he said, since "behind all the masks, in every age and every race, there is always the same never-changing God." But for his companion there lay behind the masks only "a terrifying uninhabited darkness." The man of courage and vision builds a bridge over the Abyss or, to change the metaphor, plays his part in building God.

Man Beyond Himself

Here as elsewhere in Kazantzakis' thinking there are unresolved antinomies, ambiguities, unreconciled polarities of expression. Nowhere are these more apparent than in *The Saviors of God*, a philosophical and ethical treatise completed in 1923 shortly after the "sexual mask" incident reported earlier. In this work he traces the steps by which man can and must go beyond himself: beyond the calculating mind, the passionate heart, beyond the ego, the race, mankind, the earth, towards a mystical attainment of the Spirit whose names are the dance, the abyss, the silence. Taking up Bergson's *élan vital*, he charged it with his own intimate sense of tragic joy the possession of which renders all questions of goal and purpose unnecessary and meaningless. In a way, he was trying to give a new answer to the old question: what must I do to fulfill the will of God? The original title of the book, *Spiritual Exercises,* is taken, not without a touch of conscious irony, from Ignatius of Loyola. It suggests duty, intention, purposeful existence, the discipline of a soldier. The sense of duty is born when one hears the cry from the depths of one's being: "I am in pain! I want to escape your happiness! I am stifling! . . . Virtue is narrow, I cannot breathe! Paradise is small and cannot contain me! Your god resembles a man, I do not want him!" The hero-journey of the novels is pushed to cosmic and universal limits in this work. Man's duty begins, he sets out on the March, when he discerns the footprints of the Great Combatant ascending from inorganic matter to life and from life to spirit. Only, right at the end, this Bergsonian vision of creative struggle is cancelled out by the Nietzschean finale, the ultimate secret, that "even this one does not exist." Whatever "meaning" remains is expressed in Kazantzakis' epitaph on his tomb at Heraklion: "I do not hope for anything, I do not fear anything, I am free."

And with this we return, finally, to *Zorba*. We can grasp the pathos of this novel only if we realize that Zorba, in ultimately rejecting his Boss as a bookworm and "chewer of paper," is also rejecting his creator the novelist. The young man understands the world but cannot live out his understanding. The old man does not understand; he can only dance. The Boss brilliantly translates the message of *The Saviors of God* into a parable but, as the sequel shows, Zorba is lost:

> "We are little grubs, Zorba, minute grubs on the small leaf of a tremendous tree. This small leaf is the earth. The other leaves are the stars that you see moving at night. We make our way on this little leaf examining it anxiously and carefully . . .
>
> Some men—the more intrepid ones—reach the edge of the leaf. From there we stretch out, gazing into chaos. We tremble. We guess what a frightening abyss lies beneath us. In the distance we can hear the noise of the other leaves of the tremendous tree. We feel the sap rising from the roots to our leaf and our hearts swell. Bent thus over the awe-inspiring abyss, with all our bodies and all our souls, we tremble with terror. From that moment begins . . ."
>
> I stopped. I wanted to say "from that moment begins poetry," but Zorba would not have understood. I stopped.
>
> "What begins?" asked Zorba's anxious voice. "Why did you stop?"
>
> ". . . begins the great danger, Zorba. Some grow dizzy and delirious, others are afraid; they try to find an answer to strengthen their hearts, and they say: 'God.' Others again, from the edge of the leaf, look over the precipice calmly and bravely and say; 'I like it.' "

Since the only book he had ever read was not one by Nietzsche, Zorba would not have known of Zarathustra's love for the tightrope walker nor have heard his praise of dangerous living and dangerous knowing. Being the kind of person he was, it was not in any case necessary. The Boss was like a man who knows all about wines—the year, the vintage, the bouquet—and never drinks wine; or like a man who knows all about economics and has no money in the bank. The pathos of *Zorba the Greek* arises from the fact that it is, in the last analysis, the painful and honest testimony of a great artist who knows that his work is the betrayal of his vision.

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'BLESS ME, FATHER . . .'

The last of the red-hot crumpers

ROBERT BYRNE

I pulled open one of the huge double doors of the church and went inside, dipping my middle finger in the bowl of Holy Water and blessing myself. I genuflected in the aisle and slipped into a rear pew, kneeling down for an Examination of Conscience before going into the confessional.

The church was cavernous and gloomy. The tops of the varnished pews stretched away from me like the brown surface of Rafferty's Slough at sunset. In the far corner, in front of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, an old woman was lighting Vigil Candles and dropping coins into the metal box. Each time she lit a candle for a special intention she had to drop a quarter in the slot, even though she could have gotten three candles that size for a dime at Kresge's. But I don't want to get into that.

The altar light was burning behind its pane of red glass, suspended from a chain that rose all the way to the highest part of the vaulted ceiling, so I knew that the Blessed Eucharist was behind the little golden doors of the tabernacle. God was present; you could feel it. Brother Bartholomew said he could go into any Catholic church blindfolded and tell whether or not the Blessed Eucharist was in the tabernacle or exposed to view in a Monstrance. When the Eucharist wasn't there, he said, the church was nothing but a big room, but when the altar light was on it was the house of God and you could sense His living presence. This point bothered me because we were told that God was everywhere at all times. So how could He be gone when the Eucharist wasn't there?

There were a lot of tricky problems like that connected with being a Catholic, problems that made Catholicism so vastly superior to other religions. By having to do a little work and by having your faith tested once in a while you made yourself worthy to enter the Kingdom of God. Other religions were so easy that they didn't make you eligible for any reward when you died.

Take the matter of foreknowledge and foreordination, which was explained to us one Sunday in a sermon by a visiting monk whose name I can't recall. Just because God knows what is going to happen in advance doesn't mean He makes it happen, which would be foreordination and which would leave free will rather up in the air. Man is free to change his mind. God knows which choice man will make in the exercise of his free will, but that is not the same thing as saying God forces him to make it, even though God could have constructed man in such a way that his free will could have led him to make some other choice, which God also would have anticipated. This was an elusive concept, and once understood was easily forgotten, like the infield fly rule. . . .

The confession box was like three Gothic phone booths. Behind the middle door sat the priest, hearing first the confession of the penitent on one side, then the one on the other. I waited in line for a while until the compartment on the left was empty. I went inside, shut the door, and knelt down. It was very dark but there was enough light filtering through the pane of frosted glass that I could make out the outline of the linen handkerchief that covered the sliding panel in the partition between the priest and me. It was so quiet that I could hear the whispers of the woman in the other booth, who must have been hard of hearing. It would have been a sin to eavesdrop, so I blotted out the sound by rubbing my palms back and forth on my ears.

I almost never went to confession at St. Procopius. It was much easier psychologically to go in a different parish, where the priest didn't know you. When you had to tell a priest that you had pressed your organ against Darlene Hollenback's hip for twelve blocks on a crowded bus, you didn't want to have to look him in the eye the next day. Once when I had shot my wad French-kissing somebody, I bicycled all the way out to St. Boniface's because I was sure nobody there knew me. When I was leaving the confessional, the priest—I still don't know who he was—said, "Say, Tommy, would you open a window before you go?" Since then I have expected every priest I have ever met to call me aside and tell me what a disgusting thing it was that I did to that girl with my tongue.

The door of the other booth opened and closed. Father Grundy's chair squeaked as he turned toward me and opened the sliding panel. A square of dim light appeared in the center of the handkerchief, which framed the shadowy profile of his face. "Go ahead," he whispered.

ROBERT BYRNE's *most recent book is* Memories of a Non-Jewish Boyhood, *from which this is excerpted.* *Copyright, Lyle Stuart, Inc., 239 Park Avenue, S., New York, N.Y. 10003; $4.95.*

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BOOKS
FOR BROTHERHOOD

This list includes books of general interest in the field of intergroup relations chosen from among the many published from August, 1969 through July, 1970. They were selected on the basis of their contribution to the search for community in a pluralistic society, and for their concern with interreligious, interracial, ethnic, economic and political challenges to achieve a healthy public order. The list is the result of unanimous agreement by a representative committee on their recommendations of the best in the field for children, young people, and adults.

BERNHARD E. OLSON, Supervisor
Paula K. Lazrus Library
of Intergroup Relations

This selection from the complete list
is presented by the publishers named below

ADULT LIST

Beyond Racism, by Whitney M. Young, Jr. McGraw-Hill, $6.95.

A remarkably frank and straight-forward argument that enables whites to see what racism means to the black community, how it cripples and blinds whites, and what specifically Americans must do to go beyond racism.

Black Manifesto: Religion, Racism and Reparation, ed. by Robert S. Lecky and H. Elliott Wright. Sheed and Ward. $5.00 ($2.45 paperback).

The full text of the Black Manifesto and other basic documents, together with a range of thoughtful responses by spokesmen from representative religious groups, are bound in one coherent volume which is must-reading for those concerned with the relevance of religion in modern America.

The Church and Colonialism: the Betrayal of the Third World, by Dom Helder Camara. Dimension Books. $5.95.

Persecuted, and virtually silenced in his own country, Brazil, for his advocacy of non-violent revolution in the third world, Bishop Camara passionately believes the Christian message is relevant to problems of poverty, injustice, and peace. The underlying theme of this collection of his speeches is that unless rich nations meaningfully assist those in need, all are threatened with disaster.

Democracy, Dissent and Disorder, by Robert F. Drinan. Seabury Press. $4.95.

Lawyer and former dean of Boston College Law School, Father Drinan tackles the troublesome problem of dissent in our society. Critical of many of our laws, law makers, and enforcers, this Roman Catholic priest pleads for a consensus on moral values and explores the principal areas of disruption in America as well as the remedies for our present unrest.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer: Man of Vision, Man of Courage, by Eberhard Bethge. Harper. $17.95.

A massive and truly monumental biography of the German pastor-theologian who was executed for his opposition to the Nazis and his involvement in the plot to take Hitler's life. Eberhard Bethge, the hero's best friend, interweaves Bonhoeffer's spiritual development into the narrative, so that the question why he chose the course he did becomes clear.

Divine Disobedience: Profiles in atholic Radicalism, by Francine du Plessix Gray. Knopf. $6.95.

A perceptive and highly readable introduction to "Catholic radicalism," in the form of lengthy *New Yorker* profiles on the experimental parish-community Emmaus House, the anti-war activities of Fathers Philip and Dan Berrigan, and the curious war of the Curia against Monsignor Ivan Illich, founder of the experimental educational Center for Intercultural Development (at Cuernavaca, Mexico).

Fire and Blackstone, by John R. Fry. Lippincott. $5.95 ($1.95 paperback).

This work is a religious response to the crisis in race and poverty in the Woodlawn section of Chicago, the home of the Blackstone Rangers. The author does not hesitate to point to the imminent righteous judgment of God on our nation. As William Stringfellow says, the Protestant clergyman-author "affronts the authorities of both state and church" and "then compounds the offense by living the same Word."

Hey, White Girl!, by Susan Gregory. W. W. Norton. $4.95.

For her senior year, a suburban white girl freely chose to integrate an all-black Chicago high school. This is her account of that experience. Told with perception, honesty, and sensitivity, it reveals the deeply human values which emerge in relationships when young people—all people—are able to open themselves to one another regardless of their race.

King: A Critical Biography, by David L. Lewis. Praeger. $7.95.

With only limited access to the papers of Martin Luther King, Jr., Professor Lewis has nevertheless provided an informed, vigorous account of the spiritual and mortal odyssey of the late Negro leader. The book maintains a fair balance in assessing the strengths and weaknesses of Dr. King. It is a deserved and necessary treatment of a man and his method increasingly under attack as futile and irrelevant.

La Raza, by Stan Steiner. Harper. $6.95.

The author of **The New Indians** reveals long familiarity with the Mexican-American community of the southwest in this full-length portrait of a long-suffering ethnic minority coming to self-consciousness. The range of responses is well portrayed by centering attention on leading spokesmen representing a range of attitudes from stoic fatalism to revolutionary Marxism.

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ADULT LIST

Selected by . . .

JOSEPH E. CUNNEEN, Editor, Cross Currents.

ROCHELLE GIRSON, Book Review Editor, Saturday Review.

ARTHUR HERTZBERG, Rabbi, Temple Emanuel, Englewood, New Jersey.

ELIZABETH D. NORRIS, Librarian, YWCA, New York City.

DORIS VIACAVA, Librarian, Iona College, New Rochelle, New York.

For the complete Books for Brotherhood list write to
The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

Our Time is Now, edited by John Birmingham. Introduction by Kurt Vonnegut. Praeger. $5.95.

An anthology of the high school underground press, with a perceptive introduction by a college freshman who edited an underground paper himself. The selections have variety and humor, and would be less threatening if they could be read thoughtfully by parents, teachers, and ministers who deal regularly with teenagers.

Wages of Neglect, by Robert Coles and Maria Piers. Photographs by Stephen L. Feldman. Quadrangle Books. $5.95.

Neglected, poverty-stricken children should be an outrageous anomaly in our abundant society. That they are not has inspired the authors to understand and try to alleviate their condition. The authors, in simple terms, explain the psychological and physical effects which deprivation can have on a child's development, and they describe several unusual projects which have succeeded in reversing damaging patterns of growth.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Actor in Exile: The Life of Ira Aldridge, by Mary Malone. Illustrated by Eros Keith. Crowell-Collier. $3.95.

A simple account of the far-from-simple achievements of a free-born American Negro (1807-1867) whose ambition to become a Shakespearean actor could not be realized until he left his native New York forever. He earned fame in England and the continent as "the African Roscius" and "the greatest Othello of them all." (10-14)

African Success Story: The Ivory Coast, by Marc and Evelyne Bernheim. Harcourt Brace and World. $4.95.

This book describes the unique and astounding success of the Ivory Coast colony, established and guided by peaceful means, through the wise and thoughtful leadership of Felix Houphouet-Boigny, its first President. (11-14)

An Album of the American Indian, by Rosebud Yellow Robe (Lacatawin). Franklin Watts. $4.95.

Copious, well-selected photographs and prints dramatize the history and differing cultures of Indian tribes in the United States from the 15th century to their life today. (10 and up)

The Black Man in America: 1619-1790, by Florence and J. B. Jackson. Franklin Watts. $3.25.

The origin of slavery in this country is narrated in an honest, moving and sometimes horrifying way, with sharp relevance for today's black struggle for freedom. Enhanced by contemporary drawings. (12 and up)

Black Pioneers of Science and Invention, by Louis Haber. Illustrated. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $4.50.

The significant role played by black Americans in the development of science and industry has often been overlooked. Fourteen men who have made revolutionary contributions to industry or have done outstanding research are given warm and detailed treatment in this "Curriculum-Related Book." (8-10)

Black Pride: A People's Struggle, by Janet Harris and Julius W. Hobson. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

A concise survey of the philosophies of black men from colonial times until today as they worked for complete freedom from slavery, "full citizenship," and recognition as human beings. (5-9)

Friday Night is Papa Night, by Ruth A. Sonneborn. Viking. $3.00.

Papa works two jobs and comes home early enough to play with the children only on Friday. He is delayed one Friday night, however, because he befriended a sick man, an act performed with astonishing consequences. (5-8)

A Guy Can Be Wrong, by Barbara Rinkoff. Crown. $3.95.

Carlos is suspicious of the two weeks' vacation he is to spend with a suburban family in their luxurious surroundings. He and Drew Hunter resist becoming friendly until an accident removes their needless hostilities. (10-12)

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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Selected by . . .

AUGUSTA BAKER, Coordinator of Children's Services. The New York Public Library.

LUCIA ENGLE, Assistant Director, Elementary School Libraries, New York City Board of Education.

JOSETTE FRANK, Director for Children's Books and Mass Media, Child Study Association of America.

NORA KRAMER, Consultant on Books for Children and Young People; Director, the Bookplan.

ETHNA SHEEHAN, Instructor in Literature for Children and Young People, St. John's University.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

Jim Thorpe, by Thomas Fall. Illustrated by John Gretzer. **Wilt Chamberlain,** by Kenneth Rudeen. Illustrated by Frank Mullins. Crowell. $3.75 each.

Two easy-to-read biographies of sports heroes in different fields, both from minority groups, whose spectacular successes helped break down race barriers and pave the way for others. (8-11)

Lumumba. A Biography, by Robin McKown. Introduction by Herbert F. Weiss. Doubleday. $3.95.

A sympathetic but candid view of a man who played a central and tragically brief role in his country's struggle for independence. (12 and up)

Marchers for the Dream, by Natalie Savage Carlson. Pictures by Alvin Smith. Harper & Row. $3.50.

Bethany and her grandmother return from Resurrection City to demonstrate for housing in their own home town. (9-12)

The Most Native of Sons: A Biography of Richard Wright, by John A. Williams. Doubleday. $3.95.

This is the life story of a black writer who had difficulty overcoming prejudice on two continents, but whose distinguished writings have become important literary documents since his death. (12 and up)

A Navajo Saga, by Kay and Russ Bennett. The Naylor Company. $6.95.

The quarter century following the acquisition of the vast Southwest territory was a tragic period for the Navajos. We see the years of hunger, pursuit, and exile through the eyes of one Navajo clan from Arizona, related without rancor and in matter-of-act language. (13-18)

Next Door to Xanadu, a novel by Doris Orgel. Harper and Row. $3.95.

Nearly eleven years old, obese, and without a best friend, Patricia finally learns, with the help of Dorothy, to make and keep friends. (9-11)

Santiago, by Pura Belpre. Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. Frederick Warne. $3.95.

Colorful, sensitive illustrations help tell the story of Santiago and how a stereoscope helps him prove he did have a pet hen, Selina, when he lived in Puerto Rico. (8-10)

Slavery in America: The History of Slavery, by Robert Liston. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

This is the first of two volumes on the history of American slavery, from its African beginnings to the founding of the Republic. Demolishes myths of the contended plantation slave. Not a pretty story, but accurate and fully-documented. (10-16)

Sounder, by William H. Armstrong. Illustrated by James Barkley, Harper and Row. $3.95.

The poignant story of a black man's boyhood on a sharecropper's farm in the South more than ninety years ago and his magnificent dog, Sounder. Woven into it is the seizure of the boy's father by the sheriff's posse and the tireless search for him by the boy and the dog. (12 and up)

Spokesman for Freedom. The Life of Archibald Grimke, by Janet Stevenson. Illustrated by John Wagner. Crowell-Collier. $3.95.

Archibald Grimké was a gifted, courageous man. The son of a white planter and a black slave, he was a founder of the NAACP. (4-6)

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"*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatae Mariae semper virgini, beato Michaeli archangelo . . .*"nothing like a recitation of the Confiteor in Latin to disarm a confessor . . . "*beato Joanni Baptistae, sanctis apostolis Petro et Paulo . . .*"

"There's no need to . . .," Father tried to say.

"*. . . omnibus sanctis, et tibi Pater, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione. . . .*"

"Very good, but would you mind skipping ahead to . . ."

"*. . . verbo et opere: mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper virginem. . . .*"

"This is Tommy, isn't it?"

"*. . . beatum Michaelem archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam . . .*"

"I thought so."

"*. . . sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes sanctos et te, Pater, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.*"

"Yes. Well. That wasn't necessary. Suppose you get right to your confession."

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," I said as softly as I could, using the words I had been taught in the second grade and not bothering to disguise my voice. "It has been four weeks since my last confession and I have committed the following sins. I missed my morning prayers three times, I disobeyed my father and mother twice, I used God's name in vain four times, I masturbated eight times, and I had evil thoughts a hundred and nineteen times. I am sincerely sorry for having committed these sins and promise never to commit them again."

"Fine. Hmm. Now, Thomas, you must pray to God to help you overcome temptations of the flesh. Imagine the Christ-child and His Blessed Mother and the tears that stream down Their holy faces when you abuse the body God has given you and when you allow impure thoughts to invade your mind. When these temptations arise pray to God to give you the strength to cast them aside. You can become a splendid example in the eyes of God, your family, and Holy Mother Church of a Christian youth, whose head is high and whose eyes are clear, who doesn't have to slink through life ashamed and debased by the carnal evil of self-pollution. Do you understand, Thomas? Do you understand that from this day forward you must march forward with a pure heart and a pure mind, strong in God's love, Who died for your sins?"

"Yes, Father."

"Did you make a complete confession?"

"Yes, Father."

"You have not lost your temper, or received Communion sacrilegiously, or harbored any doubts about the laws of God or God's church?"

"No, Father."

WHAT IS THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS?

NCCJ is a civic organization engaged in a nation-wide program of intergroup education. It enlists Protestants, Catholics and Jews who without compromise of conscience or of their distinctive and important religious differences work together to build better relationships among men of all religions, races and nationalities. Its operation is civic and social although, obviously, the roots of the brotherhood which it seeks to build are in the moral law and in religious faith.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

(Continued)

Steal Away Home, by Jane Kristof. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.95.
Amos and Obadiah, young black boys, successfully escape from a South Carolina plantation and travel from station-to-station on the Underground Railroad to their father and freedom in Philadelphia. (10-12)

Thurgood Marshall: Fighter for Justice, by Lewis H. Fenderson. McGraw-Hill. $4.90.
A short account of Justice Marshall's education, his days as a struggling Baltimore lawyer, as chief NAACP counsel and the first black Supreme Court Justice. (8-12)

The Tommy Davis Story, by Patrick Russell. Illustrated by photographs. Doubleday. $3.50.
Tells how a black boy from a Brooklyn slum made it to the top in baseball. A lively biography for aspiring young fans. (9-12)

The Way It Is. Edited by John Helland. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich. $3.25.
The way it is in Ghettos throughout the nation, as told by fifteen slum boys through their own candid photographs and personal comments. (11-16)

Where Is Home? by Jack McClellan, Millard Black, and Sid Norris. Houghton Mifflin. $1.95.
A realistic and moving account of an Indian boy's reaction to his family's leaving the Reservation for the city, and his adjustment to the new conditions. Beautiful in spirit, text and illustration. (10-13)

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"You have not been jealous, obstinate, or slothful?"

"No, Father."

"You have not touched anyone impurely?"

"You mean ever, or since my last confession?"

"Since your last confession."

"No Father." Then I thought of crumping. I had crumped a few guys. Crumping a guy in the crotch with the back of your hand wasn't done for sexual excitement—it was simply a test of alertness and reflexes. Mainly, it was a way for big guys to humiliate little guys. But a priest might consider it an impure touch, so I thought I better change my answer. "I mean, yes, Father, I guess I have."

His voice perked up. "You have indulged in impure touches? Of the genital region?"

"Well . . . yes."

"Why didn't you confess it?"

"I just now thought of it."

"Did you engage in these acts on more than one occasion?"

"Yes, Father."

"With the same person?"

"No, with various different persons."

"I see. Were these girls Catholic or non-Catholic?"

"They weren't girls, Father. . . ."

"You mean they were boys?"

"Yes. What we do is . . ."

"You . . . you have been engaging in homosexual practices with other boys?" He was getting excited, abandoning his whispers.

"It just takes a second with each one, Father. It's not really. . . ."

"Here at St. Procopius?"

"Yes, Father, but. . . ."

"In the boys' room?"

"No, usually just in the hallways or anywhere."

"God in heaven have mercy on our souls! How many times?"

"You mean that I did it, or had it done to me?"

"I don't care! God help us! That you did it!"

"Since my last confession?"

"Yes!" He was practically shouting—everybody in the church could hear him.

"I don't know, maybe twenty times . . . but not nearly as many times as the other guys. . . ."

"What!?" There was a loud banging and bumping as he jumped to his feet and began turning around, knocking over his chair and falling against the walls of his cubicle in a very disoriented fashion. I don't know what he was doing—maybe trying to get hold of the doorknob to get out of there. Apparently he was under the impression that his entire school from kindergarten up had become infested with fuzzy-faced fruits.

"Father," I hissed into the handkerchief, "you have the wrong idea . . . it's not what you are thinking."

He righted his chair and collapsed on it with a thud. I could hear his loud breathing. After he had settled down a little he leaned toward me and whispered in a voice that trembled with emotion. "This is the most outrageous, monstrous. . . ."

"Father, listen. I didn't actually touch anybody the way you think, and nobody touched me. I'm no queer. There aren't any queers in school that I know about. I don't even know what a queer looks like. All we do is sort of flick our hands at a person's, well, ah, organs as we walk by, just to kind of keep him on his toes. There isn't anything arousing about it. Just the opposite."

He didn't know what the hell I was talking about, so I explained it again. I explained it five times before I was through, using different words each time so that he would understand. He finally did, and he even thanked me for telling him about it. Apparently nobody else ever had. He said it was a disgusting, filthy practice that was definitely sinful as well as dangerous and that he would take steps to put a stop to it, which I said would be fine with me. I told him I hated it, which was the truth. My throat was hurting from all the whispering.

"All right," he said. "Are you sorry for the sins you have committed?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then make a good Act of Contrition."

He mumbled the prayer of Absolution in his usual slurred Latin while I recited the formula prescribed for me: "Oh my God I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest all my sins, because I dread the loss of Heaven and the pains of Hell, but most of all because I have offended Thee, my God, Who are all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life, amen."

The shadow of his hand blessed me. "I absolve thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Go in peace and say a prayer for me."

"Father! My penance . . . you forgot to give me a penance."

"Oh. Three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys." He slammed shut the sliding panel.

He must have made a mistake. I expected something far worse, like a rosary for each of the Twelve Promises to St. Margaret Mary, but I didn't intend to wait around for him to change his mind.

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THE STAGE

The napalm burning of 378 draft files in a Catonsville Maryland parking lot in 1968 was itself an intentional act of theater. It is hard to separate that first theatrical occurrence from the theatrical re-creation of it, and its aftermath, which is now taking place at the Good Shepherd-Faith Church on the fringes of New York's Lincoln Center.

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine is described as "by Daniel Berrigan," that is, the text was adapted and arranged in poetic form by him from a twelve-hundred-page transcript of the trial. For the New York production, it has been adapted even further and reduced to an hour and a half's playing time by Saul Levitt, but the words, although rearranged and synopsized, are presumably the words of the men and women of Catonsville, and of the judge and attorneys in the case.

The meaning of the event at the church, which cannot properly be called a play, depends almost entirely on the meaning of the real act in the parking lot and the real trial, and also on other theatrical events which have happened subsequently: Daniel Berrigan's long underground flight (which included escaping from a crowded and staked out auditorium at Cornell under the cover of a huge puppet from the Bread and Puppet Theater being used in the demonstration), and the recent indictments—the government's own contribution to theater—of Philip Berrigan and others for conspiracy to kidnap and to interfere with federal heating ducts.

To describe these events as theater is not to take away from the serious moral purpose of the Berrigans and their colleagues, and in fact it is exactly, and only, this moral purpose which makes the re-enactment of the Catonsville trial a serious and moving occasion.

This is the latest in a series of "documentary" plays, and it follows *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* and *Inquest,* the re-creation of the Rosenberg trial, in presenting a severely edited version of an actual judicial process. None of these real-life stories has any resemblance to a stage trial by Agatha Christie, and they suffer as drama to the extent that they cannot give the audience much in the way of suspense. *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* is at a particular disadvantage because there are even fewer surprises here than with other documentary dramas. The facts of the case are straightforward and fairly fresh in our minds. Also, unlike the Oppenheimer hearings, the statements by the participants at Catonsville are intentionally simple and transparent, striking one note over and over—that the Vietnam war is an outrage to the Christian conscience. There appears to be no real dilemma for the heroes of the occasion, and any agonizing that may have preceded the original act is not dramatized and is scarcely referred to.

It is to the credit of those who organized the text and of Gordon Davidson, the director, and his cast, that they are able to give the evening such variety and interest. The church setting is appropriate and effective. The jury members, who are pre-selected from the audience, take their place on the stage and remain there through most of the action, harangued, beseeched and admonished by the actors. The gaps in the story are casually narrated by the character of Daniel Berrigan, and leaps of time are accomplished imaginatively and cleanly, like film dissolves.

Mr. Davidson has chosen a first-rate company, each of whom conveys the unworldly innocence, the moral passion and, what is more and was not always true in the Lincoln Center production of *Oppenheimer*, the intelligence of the actual participants in the trial. In particular, Ed Flanders as Daniel Berrigan is excellent in the wry charm of his narration, the quick fire of his conviction on the witness stand, and the simple dignity of his prayer. Even as talented a cast as this, however, cannot resist showing the occasional smugness of people who are so confident of their moral position and their place in heaven, in contrast to the ineffectual stutterings of the judge and prosecutor, and there are perhaps more embraces and flashing V-signs than are necessary. But again, was this how it was in life? The director has also manufactured explosive courtroom confrontations from time to time, which often deal with insignificant points, for the sake of surface theatrical effect.

The play closes with a short film of the actual burning ceremony in the parking lot, the arrival of the police and the arrest of the Nine. Perhaps because of what has gone before, it is the most stirring moment of the evening—factual drama can make us hungry for the real facts, the real people. But perhaps one of the best things that can be said about the production is that it does not diminish that initial act nor the courage and honesty of those involved.

That act, although an act of theater, was also a sermon, smacking too much of show business for some tastes, and the further activities of those people have been an extension of that same sermon. This play is its newest incarnation, so it is not really a play nor, I think, did anybody intend it to be. As a sermon, of course, it will address much the same congregation that has been listening to it for some time, but for the spectator it is nonetheless a powerful, disturbing and essentially vitalizing experience to listen to committed and articulate people speaking from the depths of their conscience.

MICHAEL MURRAY

(Michael Murray, founder and for twelve years artistic director of the Charles Playhouse in Boston, is currently directing, writing, and teaching at Hunter College in New York.)

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CRITICS' CHOICES

Richard P. McBrien

According to a recent UPI report "not in recent memory has the Motion Pictures Academy been so hard pressed to find worthy contenders for the Oscars among pictures, performers, and directors."

The problem is not entirely limited to the film industry. Any literary year that catapults *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . . , Sensuous Woman,* and *Love Story* to the top of the lists can't be all good either. Unless I missed something somewhere along the line (a possibility I in no way discount), I should judge that the output in theology and religious studies over the past twelve or thirteen months reflects this broader malaise.

Everyone seems to agree that the post-Vatican II bull market has come to an end, or at least to a point of major readjustment, with houses curtailing or even eliminating the production of their religious books departments. Can it be said of these departments, as it was once said of philosophy, that they will live to bury their undertakers? For some it is already too late.

On the other hand, no publishing year can be considered a complete washout when it provides two new and excellent translations of Sacred Scripture: *The New English Bible* (Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press) and *The New American Bible* (P. J. Kenedy & Sons). Both of these works are exceptional achievements indeed and bring justifiable credit to the scholarly communities that produced them.

This was also the year when the concluding fifth and sixth volumes of *Sacrementum Mundi: An Encyclopedia of Theology* (Herder and Herder, 6-Vol. set, $135) appeared. Unlike the "companion" *Sacramentum Verbi* (Herder and Herder, 3 vols., $49.50), the collection is both comprehensive and up-to-date. The whole set is an exceedingly worthy investment.

The *Concilium* series, once published in this country by Paulist Press and now distributed by Herder and Herder, continues to be, through its brief but solid articles, one of the best media for bridging the gap between professional or academic theology, on the one hand, and the larger world of literate non-specialists, on the other.

The best English-language theological monograph that I have read in the past year is Gregory Baum's *Man Becoming* (Herder and Herder, $6.95), which I reviewed earlier in these pages (November 6, 1970). Its occasional defects notwithstanding, this book shows what systematic theology is all about by showing—lucidly, creatively, and competently—how it is done. At another time *Man Becoming* might have been overshadowed by Moltmann's *Theology of Hope* or Küng's *The Church,* for example, but even in better years this book would be measured favorably against its competitors.

Those more involved in contemporary ethical issues than I assure me that the first three sections of Daniel Callahan's *Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality* (Macmillan, $14.95) are the best statement of the question to have appeared thus far in print. These sections alone justify not only the price of the book but also the praise and recognition accorded it already.

George Lindbeck's *The Future of Roman Catholic Theology* (Fortress, $4.75) is remarkable for its constructive and balanced approach. It is one of the better commentaries on Vatican II, for those still interested. If Baum's book shows how systematic theology should be done, Lindbeck's reminds us that ecumenical theology can still be written, and written well, even in a so-called post-ecumenical age.

Mary Daly

In looking over religious books purchased in 1970 I found for the most part a dreary confirmation of the impression that the religious imagination suffers from anemia. A striking exception was Michael Novak's book, *The Experience of Nothingness* (Harper & Row, $5.95). Novak portrays vividly in relation to the American scene the experience of non-being as potential catalyst for individual liberation and communal transformation of consciousness. He rightly points to the experience as the gateway to freedom from the alienating structures that have cut us off from our own deepest resources. It offers "a vaccine against the lies upon which American civilization is built." Those who have this experience "are the most profoundly subversive of all dissenters, for they deny not this or that social arrangement, but the prevailing sense of reality."

The experience of nothingness seems to be hitting an increasing number of women interested in the church. *Adam's Fractured Rib,* by Margaret Sittler Ermarth (Fortress, $3.25) is an excellent factual study of where things are at internationally and across the denominational divides. This is a helpful source book, valuable for its wide perspective and documentation. *Women's Liberation and the Church,* edited by Sarah Bently Doely (Association Press, $5.-95) is a collection of thoughtful essays, with a useful appendix containing documents, resolutions, and position papers on various aspects of the movement.

The theological imagination could come alive if it would open its eyes to developing reality which is pointing us into the future. *Future Shock,* by Alvin Toffler (Random House, $8.95) is a good introduction. Its author's thesis is

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that in the next three decades "millions of ordinary people will face an abrupt collision with the future." He explores the areas which are now being struck by the impacts of change and in so doing effects change in the reader.

A no-no for the sclerotic religious mentality has been the field of psychic phenomena. A potential mind-bender is *Psychic Phenomena Behind the Iron Curtain* by Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder (Prentice-Hall, $8.95). The authors claim that extensive authorized research on ESP has been carried out by leading scientists of the Soviet bloc nations. Among the phenomena investigated and discussed are a new Soviet dowsing rod, Czech pyramids that mummify meat and sharpen razor blades, astrological birth control, Bulgarian Suggestology, and a machine that is purported to photograph the human "aura." The reader can make up his/her own mind, maybe.

Robert Francoeur's *Utopian Motherhood: New Trends in Human Reproduction* (Doubleday, $6.95), discusses developments that will destroy the eternal mystiques of masculine and feminine. These include artificial insemination, frozen germ cells, the artificial womb, embryo transplants, pre-natal monitoring and manipulation, genetic engineering, and asexual cloning of human beings. He points out that some of these techniques are already a reality. "After thousands of years during which reproduction depended on the union of male and female, man stands ready in the next decade or two to reproduce his? (question mark mine) own image independently." Meanwhile, back in the theology department. . . .

Arthur Moore

After I had rashly agreed to list for this magazine some of the religious books that I had read, I was overcome with the sinking feeling that in fact I had not read any during the year. This proved to be something of an overreaction, but my feeling in itself illustrates the changing nature (and the much-publicized perils) of religious publishing and the hazards of being professionally concerned with religion. The current vogue for "doing theology" makes for theology on the run and this is much more apt to produce "documents" or anthologies like the excellent bi-weekly series published by IDOC North America or the Maryknoll Documentation Series. The latter has recently issued *Between Honesty and Hope*, a translation of documents about the church in Latin America originally issued by the Peruvian Bishops' Commission for Social Action. IDOC has ventured into the paperback book field with two volumes in paperback, *The Myth of Aid* by Denis Goulet and Michael Hudson and *Women's Liberation and the Church*, edited by Sarah Bentley Doely.

Obviously, these kinds of fragments do not serve to pull things together for more than a moment and a work which seeks to put many of our current problems and preoccupations into historical focus is a great help. Rosemary Ruether's *The Radical Kingdom*, subtitled *The Western Experience of Messianic Hope* (Harper & Row, $7.50), is of great help in this regard. I have mentioned it before in these pages but the recommendation still stands.

Once we get past the strictly contemporary, biographical studies and autobiography are the books which still seem to hold the interest more. Three very different ones seem outstanding: *Roger Williams, Witness Beyond Christendom*, by John Garrett (Macmillan, $7.50); *Dietrich Bonhoeffer*, by Eberhard Bethge (Harper & Row, $17.50); and *Letters to His Family*, by Pope John XXIII (McGraw-Hill, $15.00). A mixed bag here but perhaps not such a hodgepodge as it looks. All three of the subjects have had powerful effects on our way of looking at religion in the world today and all three might well be startled could they see what their influence has been. A critical biography of Williams by an Australian who teaches theology in Fiji might seem bizarre but the fact that Garrett starts out neither from an American nor an English point of view helps him to place Williams in his context more accurately and show how he was both reactionary and radical and how his emphasis on the separation of church and state grew from pessimism about man's nature. The Bethge was always due to be *the* biography of Bonhoeffer and so it is. Again, useful in anchoring the Bonhoeffer ideas and catchphrases in their real and historical context. The letters of Pope John are more of a problem since we must supply some of the context ourselves, and a rising Italian priest to his poor family is not the simple familiarity of Mama Mia folklore. Perhaps the more secular of us should read these letters together with a book like *The New Mission of Pope John XXIII*, by Vittorio Gorresio (Funk and Wagnalls, $5.95), a gossipy and admiring account of the pontificate, to get the complexity of the man. Others will simply be enchanted by the sweet, loving, homely tone of these letters.

Finally, of course, this was the year of *The New English Bible* (Oxford Univ. Press and Cambridge Univ. Press). We are now getting so accustomed to fine new modern translations that we forget how good they are. In my current opinion, the *New English Bible* is the best. Despite Auden's famous injunction, this Bible can profitably be read for its prose.

Raymond A. Schroth

I looked for books I would want to buy and read again, that had moved my friends, that would intensify the excitement of being a priest, give me less familiar things to say in discussions with students at nightly midnight Mass. I wanted radical—*root*—books that might search out anew the central message of Christ, somehow momentarily—by scholarship and imagination—bridge that infuriating gap between the vision of the gospels and the too-often dragging, stultifying, sawdust life of the church. I found them.

I had argued recently that the child of a Catholic-Protestant marriage should

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be baptized a Catholic lest he miss the richness of the church's unique intellectual and spiritual tradition. Joseph Ratzinger's *Introduction to Christianity* (Herder and Herder, $6.95) strengthens my argument. His lectures on the Creed two years ago at Tubingen—the basis of this book—brought crowds of students pouring into his course—perhaps as Harnack's series on "The Essence of Christianity" did in Berlin seventy years ago. Here he examines, through history, scripture and human experience, the fundamental questions which the Dutch Cathechism seemed to grease over lightly: the paradoxes of belief, the trinity, immortality and—too briefly—the scandal of the sinful church. He bravely concludes that the Christian is one who is committed not to his own private bliss but to the future of the world. He will toil in what *seems* to be the work of Sisyphus but is actually the redemption of mankind.

Lutheran patristic scholar Robert L. Wilken, in *The Myth of Christian Beginnings* (Doubleday, $5.95), warns us against seeking the "essence" of Christianity in the early Christian community. We—both Catholic and Protestant—have deluded ourselves in our occasionally tragi-comic efforts to ransack scripture and early history in our attempts to prove that the words of Jesus, the apostolic age, the institution of the papacy, Paul's theory of justification, the practice of piety, or some other unifying concept, was normative for future generations of believers. There was no golden springtime of Christianity, says Wilken; we should look rather to our recent past for a sense of what we are and what we are becoming. The first stage of Christianity no more does justice to the reality of the faith than the first words of Neil Armstrong on the moon adequately state the meaning of that event.

In *The Radical Kingdom* (Harper & Row, $7.50), Rosemary Radford Ruether turns to the history of theology's interaction with social change to put the contemporary symbols of revolution in perspective. Her book is marvelous both for her study of the history of the Western world's messianic hopes and for her individual insights: her analysis of how "grades" in education have alienated students from their self-creation, and how the priestly caste can alienate the community from its Eucharist. And her sympathetic picture of the Social Gospel movement and crisis theology can make us yearn nostalgically for a church that either plunged into a positive social movement or had the courage to stand against a culture that was corrupt. She does not resolve the tension between man's infinite aspirations and his finite possibilities; but she does correctly perceive that "The time of revolutionary expectation is the time when men come closest to experiencing the spirit dwelling in the community of man."

Albert L. Schlitzer

Raymond E. Brown, S.S., one of our most respected scholars in biblical studies, has just published a book small in size but powerful in its potential impact on those given to serious thought on the church, *Priest and Bishop: Biblical Reflections* (Paulist Press, $1.50). His biblical reflections on the origins and development of the priesthood in the early Christian community come through not only as cogent historically, but as vitally stimulating in attempts to rethink the priesthood for our times. They give basis for "new forms" but not as radically different from the old as some might wish. On the priesthood he will offend the ultra-liberals, on the episcopacy he will offend the conservatives. For he limits more than has been commonly accepted up to now the sense in which a bishop may be called "successor" of the Apostles, and the sense in which the Pope may be considered "successor" of Peter. Controversy about this book is inevitable. But both sides will do well to ponder these words of the author: "Of course biblical information cannot solve the question being discussed. A description of origins can be a definitive solution only to a fundamentalist who does not believe in Christian development beyond the 1st century."

John Coulson's *Newman and the Common Tradition: A Study in the Language of Church and Society* (Oxford, $8) brings out the influence of Samuel Coleridge and F. D. Maurice on Newman's developing thought on the church in its essentials and in its historic realization among men. The concept of the church which gradually took shape in Newman's mind was that of an organism which is dynamically open to the world, sturdy enough to hold tenaciously to its apostolic identity, flexible enough to adapt to the ever-changing human condition. The stand of Vatican II on ecumenism and pluralism might be traceable in part to Coleridge and Maurice through Newman. As the subtitle of the book indicates, Coulson is especially interested in how language affects life in the church and in human society in general. He credits Coleridge with helping Newman to realize that the language proper to the comprehension and expression of religious insights has close affinity to that of poetry. Like poetry, religious language should be vividly symbolic and imaginative. It is emotive. It is sacramental. These observations are hardly new or revolutionary. Yet they need to be reexamined and acted upon, if the church is to stem the tide of more and more young people looking for meaningful worship outside the institutional.

The tension between one form of Catholic life, the scholarly, and the institutional church became acute in the short-lived days of Modernism. An Anglican priest, Alec Vidler, recently published a book worthy of close attention, *A Variety of Catholic Modernists* (Cambridge, $8.50). As an Anglican, Vidler is close enough to the Catholic church to appreciate the complexity and anguish of the struggle; as an Anglican he is far enough removed to view the Modernists in a perspective which helps to illuminate their efforts. As a careful historian Vidler warns against a too-hasty judgment of resemblance between what so-called progressive Roman Catholic theologians have been saying in recent years and what the modernists said

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during the first decade of this century. He devotes his study to modernists, not modernism; men involved in a movement, not a coherent system of thought. For, as he correctly observes, the only thing the modernists had in common was "a desire in one way or another to promote the adaptation of Catholicism of the church and its teaching, to new conditions."

Mark Schoof's *A Survey of Catholic Theology 1800-1970* (Newman, $4.95) handles the problem of the relationship to the church, or more precisely, to the magisterium on a much broader canvas than Vidler. The title of his introduction to the first section of the book, "The Enigma of Theology Within the Catholic Church," sets forth unequivocally the problematic of the whole book. Edward Schillebeeckx in his general Introduction remarks that this title "suggests that Catholic theologians occupy a very special position within their church, a position which is not entirely the same as that occupied by the theologians in other churches." The historical facts gathered together in Schoof's *Survey* do not at all support the judgment that this "special position" is nothing else than that the hierarchical teaching authority of the Catholic church exerts an inhibiting and even paralyzing influence on the originality of Catholic theologians. Rather, the difference seems to lie in the direction of a far greater importance given to the "fides ecclesiae," the faith of the entire community of those who profess the Catholic faith.

BOOKS

'Revelation is a black event'

A Black Theology Of Liberation

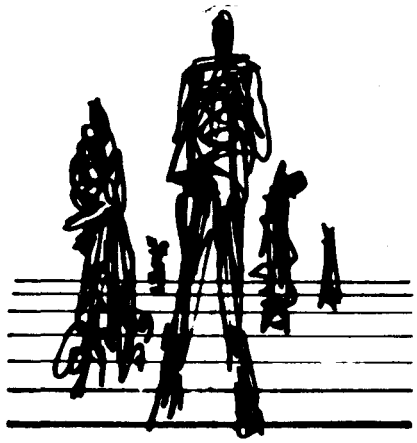
JAMES H. CONE

Lippincott, $5.50

MARY DALY

James Cone has written a powerful and intentionally unsettling book. Recognizing the phony quality of much white intellectual discourse, he points accusingly at the so-called objectivity of white theology, which uses apparent rationality at the service of hidden motivations often unsuspected by the white theologian himself. He constructs a Black Theology, in which "black" functions as the symbol for the situation of oppression and liberation in any society. Within this perspective, all authentic theological language speaks to the oppressed and calls them to take action for liberation. The oppressed community alone is capable of determining the means it should use for this purpose, and whatever means it chooses are right. White people (oppressors) have nothing to contribute unless they renounce their whiteness and identify wholly and uncompromisingly with the black community. Professor Cone has no time at all for those who argue that the oppressors are also oppressed. Universalizations such as this, he maintains, merely blur the issue and prevent people from facing up to the reality of oppression.

Professor Cone affirms the religious character of the black community. At the same time, he is well aware of the way religion has been used to trick black people into submission by promising pie in the sky. "God" has been used to reduce the spirit of freedom. By contrast, within the perspective of his Black Theology all authentic God-talk is directly related to the suffering of the oppressed. "Revelation is a black event, i.e., what black people are doing about their liberation." "Love," too, has been a misused term. The sin of the oppressed is trying to "understand" the enslaver, to "love" him on his own terms. "As the oppressed community recognize



Our many selves

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OUR MANY SELVES by ELIZABETH O'CONNOR *is available at your local bookstore in cloth, $4.95, and in paper, $1.95.* HARPER & ROW, Publishers.

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their situation in the light of God's revelation, they know now that they should have killed him instead of 'loving' him." According to the author of this book, the divine love as expressed in Black Power is the power of black people to destroy their oppressors. The real issue at hand is "cutting throats." The black God is very much a God of wrath.

White readers may well feel turned off by Cone's language, which hardly recommends the non-violence associated with Martin Luther King. Yet an effort to scrutinize the real source of such distaste or apprehension might reveal that there are elements of inauthenticity, guilt, and fear in that response on the part of readers who realize that they are being classified as oppressors by a spokesman for a revolutionary group. It would be important to be aware of these factors before making quick judgments about the author's approach to the problem of violence.

Cone comes through as concrete, authentic, and original at many points. Discounting irrelevant abstractions, he interprets the immanence of God to mean that God always encounters us in a situation of historical liberation. God's transcendence prevents us from deifying our own experiences. Both of these concepts imply freedom: "We are *free*, free to defy the oppressor's laws of human behavior because we have encountered the concreteness of the divine in our liberation which revealed to us the transcendence of our cause beyond all human definitions." This freedom is what matters, and it does not depend upon the chances of "winning." The authentic person risks all in the struggle for liberation, without placing a premium on the value of "winning." For black theology, suffering is acceptable if it is suffering in the struggle for liberation, not if it is passively endured. "Sin" is saying yes to white absurdity.

James Cone's Black Theology, then, is working for a transformation of meanings. Particularly interesting is his treatment of eschatology. Whereas eternal life has been used in the past to distract the oppressed from their sufferings and keep them obedient, he interprets the meaning of resurrection as enabling human beings to risk death in challenging the present order. The oppressed can fight, believing that death is not the last word. This point is well made. It is unfortunate, however, that the eschatology is not further developed. Cone's centering of all theology upon the fact of oppression leaves him open to the objection that human progress beyond oppressiveness will mean the end of religion. Religion as a gun would seem to be no less transitory than religion as a crutch.

My primary problem with Cone's book is a deep and basic one. Affirming that God is black and that Christ is black, his theology is quite biblical in its fiercely patriarchal language. The only oppression he acknowledges is racial oppression. "Black" is extended to include Mexican Americans and Jews. It includes women only incidentally, as part of the racially oppressed.

Professor Cone states that he does not reject white theology entirely. My problem is that he does not reject it adequately. He complains that the communication skills of an oppressed community are determined to a large extent by the oppressors. Yet he does not recognize the irony in the fact that his own adaptations of Judaic patriarchal language do not cease to be oppressive to women, who may well ask what is the difference between a white male chauvinist deity (human or divine) and a black one.

James Cone writes out of the desperation of the overtly and violently oppressed in America at this time. He never asks about the radical cause of racial oppression nor does he consider the possibility that its roots may lie in sexism. His silence about women's liberation implies that it is either unimportant or inimical to his own cause. The fact is that the women's revolution involves all people and that it challenges radically the stereotype of "the man" whose identity depends upon killing blacks. It points to a transformation of consciousness which will end all forms of oppression. In contrast to Professor Cone's one-dimensional approach, an adequate theology of liberation will be more visionary, pointing beyond the exigencies of the present moment. It will be no less passionate and concrete, but it will be multi-dimensional, facing the reality of other forms of oppression and seeking to uproot the deep causes of oppression.

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Man and Salvation in Literature

CHARLES MOELLER

Trans. Charles Underhill Quinn

Notre Dame, $6.95

SALLIE TeSELLE

This is not a book for everyone, but then most books, when reviewers are honest, should not be claimed to be. *Man and Salvation in Literature* was worked up from a series of conferences given for the nuns at Champrosay in 1961. It bears the marks of this somewhat parochial setting; it was written by a Catholic Christian for the

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faithful. However, in the same breath one must recall that Charles Moeller is not only of the very open Louvain tradition but he has done most of his publishing on the "frontier" of the Roman Church in relation to the world. The spirit of Vatican II is everywhere evident in the present book, so that while we say that this book is primarily oriented toward Christians who would like to know some answers to the question Moeller poses—"What does salvation represent in the eyes of modern man?"—it has the marks of wide and sympathetic reading, sophistication, and ease in dealing with those outside the gates. The style of the book witnesses to these marks, for it is casual, open-ended, anecdotal in a way that the French language and mindset seems peculiarly prone to, but which unfortunately often comes across in English translation as somewhat oblique and inconclusive.

At any rate, the perspective Moeller assumes for himself and his readers is mainly that of the communicator with the secular modern man and the consequent job of translating the Gospel for him in terms relevant to his situation. That situation is one of desperation as Moeller sees it: in the literature of modernity, man is in danger of death and he acknowledges that he cannot live a life worthy of a human being; yet, he will not accept God's offer of salvation. Moeller invites the reader to stand in the shoes of this despairing creature, attempting to feel the horror of his situation as a prelude to telling him the good news.

Moeller's basic stance is apologetic; he is doing the job not of a literary critic but of a preacher, albeit a highly sophisticated and light-handed one—he looks at the literary texts not primarily with aesthetic interest but with an eye to their usefulness in saving men's souls. (A lot of steps are being left out here, for there are many footprints in the sand between a poem or novel and salvation, but the omission helps us to focus on the main point.) Also lest the reader gasp in horror at such "use" of literature, let us hasten to say that if the point of view is clearly worked out at the beginning, as it is here, there is nothing fraudulent about it. Moeller is not pretending to a neutral literary exegesis of texts; he uses the texts as illustrations for theological assertions and he does so openly and copiously.

Having cleared the decks, let's get to work. He deals with three main problems. The first he calls "salvation as an objective fact" by which he means the indications in modern literature manifesting need for the fruits of salvation such as justice, both social and economic; life and love; responsibility and freedom from guilt. He deals primarily with European authors —Camus, Sartre, Brecht, Simone de Beauvoir, Balzac—and his openness is nowhere more evident than in his deep appreciation for this "literature of salvation" contrasted with what he calls the "literature of happiness."

> With its intention of making man more human, the literature of happiness supposes that he is already human. It wants to embellish and improve his life. The literature of salvation is its antithesis: the house is burning or threatens to burn. There is no longer any question of hanging draperies of this or that color, or of choosing between Louis XV or Louis XVI furniture. We have to call the fire department and try to save the essentials. Translated into somewhat less metaphorical language, it is this. Man finds himself in a concrete situation about which he is apprehensive. He lives under the sign of threats and danger. He is faced with obstacles. Prior to all others, his basic problem is one of knowing whether it is still possible to be purely and simply "human," still possible to live a human life. (pp. 3-4)

The second issue Moeller deals with is subjective salvation, and here the pace slows, for the central realization that emerges is the inability of man in modern literature to *accept* what he so manifestly and desperately needs—the gift of God's love. St.-John Perse

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alone is dealt with here, as a bridge writer who combines the active and the passive, modern autonomy and agony with religious surrender. The final problematic includes a variety of Christian writers—what Moeller acknowledges is a "literature not for everyone" —for here the notes of personal and universal salvation, notes we see in Julian Green, Graham Greene, Bernanos, Mauriac, Undset, Péguy and Claudel, are contrasted with the self-enclosed literature of the first sort.

The delicacy and sensitivity of Moeller's style both in speaking *to* Christians and *about* secular man is a lesson worthy of everyone's attention. For although this book is parochial in the audience to which it is addressed, its concern is indeed catholic; it is nothing less than the salvation of the world.

Salvation is life, that is, justice and love. It is men's bond among themselves in unity. It is a work in common. In the film *Hiroshima mon amour,* from their hotel room every morning the lovers hear a man passing under their window and coughing. A personal happiness that was not open to this window at Hiroshima would be sterile. We are together for better or worse. We are bound to the earth. It is the place of our incarnation, and salvation can only be justice and love on this earth. (p. 185)

Does The Church Know How To Teach?

ED. BY
KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY

Macmillan, $7.95

Can Catholic Schools Survive?

WILLIAM E. BROWN
ANDREW GREELEY

Sheed & Ward, $6.

Of Singular Benefit: The Story Of U.S. Catholic Education

HAROLD A. BUETOW

Macmillan, $12.50

GEORGE ELFORD

The past history, the present crisis, and future possibilities blend together in this mixed assortment of works on or related to Catholic education.

A collection of articles pulled together by Kendig Brubaker Cully, with coaching from Gerard Sloyan provides a first step toward significant ecumenical dialogue among Catholic and Protestant religious educators. It would best be described as a step toward dialogue, because this juxtaposition of articles by Catholic and Protestant experts hardly qualifies as a dialogue. Hopefully, the next step will find Catholic, Protestant and Jewish religious educators collaborating on articles or, at least, reacting to one another's ideas. The value of this present work is not in any exchange but in the individual insights of the contributors. Contrary to the claim of the subtitle, "An Ecumenical Inquiry," these articles do not evaluate the effectiveness of church education but offer a review of the state of affairs in Catholic and Protestant religious education. James Michael Lee's pointed comments reveal to the Protestant readers some of the issues and to some extent the atmosphere of today's Catholic school hassle. D. Campbell Wychoff points out the contributions to American education made by Protestant education—a matter which Catholics have not been known to reflect on for any length of time. In one of the two excellent articles on the psychology of religious learning, Robert S. Lee reviews the differences in method and purpose between the "authoritarian principle" and the "empirical principle" in religious education, which lie close to the heart of the current flap over religious education in Catholic circles.

The articles reflect a balance of optimism and realism as they explore ecumenism in religious education. Howard Grimes points out that, to date, ecumenical ventures have been largely limited to Protestants, have been carried out beyond the sphere of the local congregation (where denominationalism reigns supreme), and have involved, for the most part, only the church leaders. Martin Marty explores this Protestant phenomenon of durable denominationalism in the face of a very generalized belief consensus—a sort of national unofficial theology. For example, Marty notes that budgets for ecumenical causes are small and fragile, while denominational projects win comparatively strong financial support. Marty also sees within contemporary Pro-

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testantism something of a "two-party system," cutting across denominational lines. The "individualistic party" stresses personal renewal, conversion and salvation with a emphasis on conversionistic missionary work, while the less conservative "social-ecumenical party" seeks to join together in grappling with the controversial social issues of the day. According to Marty, the leadership of most denominations is ecumenical and social in outlook, reflecting the prevailing views in seminaries, bureaucracies, and publishing centers, while in almost all Protestant churches a coalition between intransigent clergymen and "concerned" laymen attempts to check what they regard as runaway innovators. This coalition resembles the "counter-council," which Rosemary Ruether sees as stalling reform in the American Catholic church. She discusses the intriguing possibility of a linking up of "dissidents and experimentalists" in the Catholic left with similar movements in Protestantism into a single ecumenical movement within Catholic Christianity. She refers to this movement as the "Brethren," a name derived from the 15th century Brothers of the Common Life. Functioning "outside the institution but inside the covenant" the "Brethren" would maintain lines of communication (and not simply protest) with the whole, enabling the church to evaluate and possibly assimilate the "Brethren's" experimental efforts and new alternatives. She describes what might well be the educational approach of such a group, using her own parish (an experimental Episcopal parish in Washington, D.C.) as something of an example.

Benedict Ashely, O.P., and Randolph Crump Miller explore various facets of the role of the university and the divinity school in the preparation for the ministry. Geoffrey Keating, S.S.E., is quite frank and not all that optimistic about Catholic liturgical problems. In a more placid vein, Iris Cully explores the potentially formative dimension of worship. James J. Megivern, C.M., and Sister Ann Patrick Ware trace the recent evolution of ecumenism in the Catholic church. Gerald Knoff reviews what are hopefully the beginnings of ecumenical cooperation between Catholics and Protestants in religious education, to which end this collection by Kendig Cully makes a significant contribution.

Father Andrew Greeley, the prolific Chicago priest-sociologist, and William Brown, a knowledgeable Catholic lawyer and lay leader in Milwaukee, have found common cause in their disagreement with certain unnamed intellectuals who contend that Catholic schools are ineffective, divisive, inferior, and a drain on the American church. Greeley and Brown have a common bond also in their disappointment with the American bishops for what they see as a lack of imagination and leadership. Brown combines his appeal for stronger leadership with a call for a "participative management" approach to educational planning. In the light of Brown's remarks, it would seem more to the point to criticize the bishops only if and when they discourage or fail to actively support the processes that evoke creative and imaginative solutions from within the ranks. Though Brown admits that at some future date the answer to the Catholic school crisis might be government aid in a form that does not dilute the Catholic school program, he has serious reservations about the approaches in vogue in present campaigns for state aid. The psychological fall-out from the November defeat in Michigan far from weakens his case. Yet, in his eagerness to discuss his own plan, which focuses on the immediate government aid available in the form of income tax deduction, Brown's treatment of other forms of state aid appears somewhat sketchy. Brown calls for a centralized system of tuition-free Catholic schools, serving rich and poor alike. These schools would be supported by the tax deductible Sunday offerings of the entire community, a community shaped and motivated by "authentic Christianity," preached fearlessly by the bishops. Brown is aware of some problems here, including the problem of getting the *entire* Catholic community to support

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anything. Yet, he does not face squarely the difficulties created for his plan by the dynamics of the present system. He fails to assess fully, for example, the factors which have led Catholic educators to depend more in recent years on non-deductible tuition support and less on parish contribution support. Brown touches only lightly on another obstacle to his plan, the presently disorganized, inept, and sporadic (crisis-to-crisis) fund-raising practices of a large number of Catholic parishes.

Father Greeley sees Catholic educators adrift, bewildered, and suffering from a loss of direction and nerve to a degree that threatens the future of the entire Catholic school enterprise. For Catholic educators the old rationale is no longer adequate and a new one has not yet evolved. Greeley charges Catholic scholars (presumably mainly theologians here) for their failure to translate Vatican II theology into the urgently needed new rationale for Catholic schools. What Greeley does not suggest is that perhaps these scholars were never really asked to help. In recent national meetings called by Catholic educators in an effort to rethink the goals of Catholic schools, no one thought to invite the theologians. This may be a Catholic instance of the general, long-standing estrangement between scholars and educationists on the American scene, reflected at times in the icy distance between departments of education and theology in Catholic universities.

Not as a theologian but as a *Concilium* reader, Greeley summarizes the key ideas of the Vatican II theology, drawing out some general implications for Catholic schools. Greeley, who sees Catholic goals in terms of Christian love, innovation, and an element of the comic, would be delighted by the new English primary schools that have, with little notice from Catholic educators, embodied warmth, innovation, and playfulness most effectively. However, recent surveys have reported that Catholic parents cite discipline as a primary reason for sending children to Catholic schools. Whether Catholic parents in this country, not to mention teachers and pastors, are ready for love and playfulness in Catholic schools is open to question. In some places little tykes still eat their lunch in strict silence.

What would have been said more precisely and effectively by Greeley and Brown in one or two magazine articles has been extended here into a book. A more concise treatment would have eliminated the rambling, the repetition and, perhaps, the needless barbs which detract from this addition to what Brown describes as the "not wholly estimable and respectful discussion" in which "we are presently bogged down."

Father Harold Buetow, associate professor of Education at Catholic University of America and author of *To Calvary With Christ* and *What Every Bride and Groom Should Know*, has compiled a detailed account of U.S. Catholic education from colonial times to the present day. While not a historian by profession, Buetow evidences a carefulness about facts, sources, and details, attested to by some ninety pages of notes. While Father Buetow is less impressive in his assimilation of this mass of information the reader rarely wants for details. However, there are times! While discussing the apparent, unchristian lethargy of Catholics in the matter of racial integration, he mentions that he himself has seen "burned-out schools churches, convents and rectories in those areas of the South in which Catholic leaders moved too fast for the local population." Here, unfortunately, he offers no details.

Buetow describes the establishment of the Catholic University of America in 1889 as the apex of Catholic higher education in the United States. He carefully recounts the contributions of the University to progressive effort in Catholic education, including especially the development of the Guiding Growth curriculum in the early forties. However, Buetow carefully skirts the question of the possible contributions of this same University to that defensive conservatism—even obscurantism

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MARY DALY, associate professor of theology at Boston College, is the author of *The Church and the Second Sex*.

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—which sought to "protect" American Catholic education from contemporary developments. He describes this mindset in a classic passage:

"Most of these (contemporary) developments, however, left Catholic educationists in an intellectual ferment. They could not accept Pestalozzi because of his naturalism, Herbart because of his determinism, Froebel because of his pantheism, progressive education because of what they considered undue freedom for the child and a forgetfulness of Original Sin; or Thorndike because of his mechanism."

Add John Dewey and his "heretical naturalism" and the "Catholic Educational Syllabus of Errors" is complete.

In an earlier passage, Buetow had noted that: "Perhaps more fundamentally, Catholic educators differed with the Herbartians on the aims of education—the latter aspiring to prepare a man of culture, good moral character, and many-sidedness of interest, the former concentrating at that time on man's eternal destiny."

The story of Catholic education is indeed filled with such phrases as "eternal destiny," "supernatural Christian formation," "adopted son of God," and "spiritual growth." These terms, however valid they may be in a theological scheme, are, for the educator, functionally useless and often mistaken for educational goals. Along with vague goal statements, Catholic education has been encumbered with something of a tradition of heavy-handedness, including the publication in 1953 of a text for business education entitled *Encyclical Dictation.* This text attempted to "integrate" the study of shorthand and papal encyclicals. Yet, the same story of Catholic education, as Buetow unfolds it, is also one of courage, dedication and resourcefulness.

Though hopeful for the future of Catholic schools, Buetow presents this history with a touch of "auld lang syne." "No matter what happens to Catholic education at this point," he concludes, "certain it is that we will never again see the like of its past." But then—isn't that true of most everything including the church itself?

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 507)

are correct; my expression "steady fall of tin prices" was most infelicitous and, in fact, misleading: I should have said: "deterioration of the economy despite the steady rising of tin prices." The Bolivian tin production fell, from 34,472 tons in 1952, to 17,690 tons in 1965. It should be remarked, moreover, that the rise of prices was somehow fictitious, once the purchasing power of the dollar and the pound declined during the same period. A systematic analysis of these matters can be found in "La Crisis Internacional del Estäño: Monopolios Contra Países Pobres," by Guillermo Bedregal (Editorial Siglo XXI, México, 1967).

As to the casualties during the 1952 civil war, the quotations from Mr. Peñaloza show themselves that there are no established figures. Furthermore, I suspect Mr. Peñaloza's estimates are not exempt of partisanship. There is at least one American source I can think of that confirms my figures, the essay "The Bolivian Revolution," by Richard W. Patch, in *Latin American Politics* (Ed. Robert D. Tomasek, Anchor, 1966).

HUGO ESTENSSORO B.

Correction

Due to a typographical error, a line in Richard Elman's review of Elizabeth Cullinan's *Time of Adam* (p. 405, Jan. 22 issue) which read "Her stories seem to purvey secondhand experience . . ." should have read ". . . *never* seem to purvey. . . ." Our apologies to Mr. Elman and the author.

THE EDITORS

Letters to the Editor

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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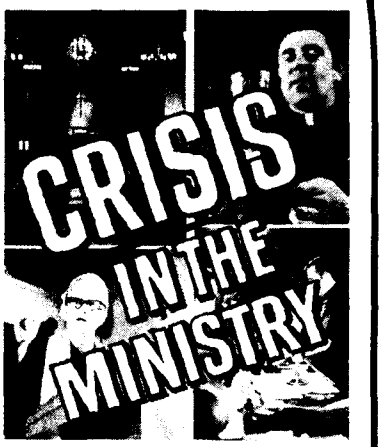

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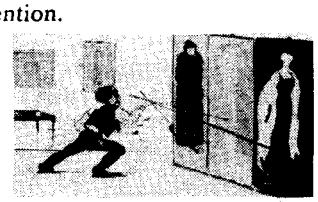

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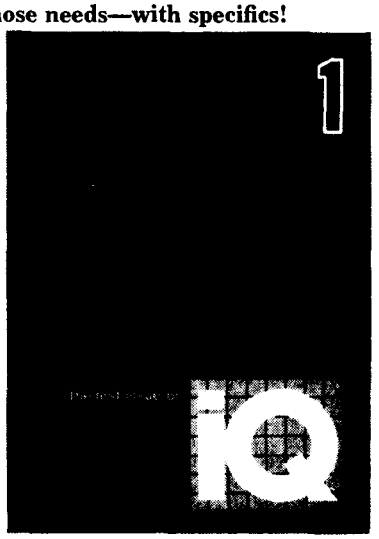

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